

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 756

MAY 24, 1884

# THE GRAPHIC.

AN

## ILLUSTRATED

WEEKLY

## NEWSPAPER.



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\*LONDON\*

PRICE NINEPENCE





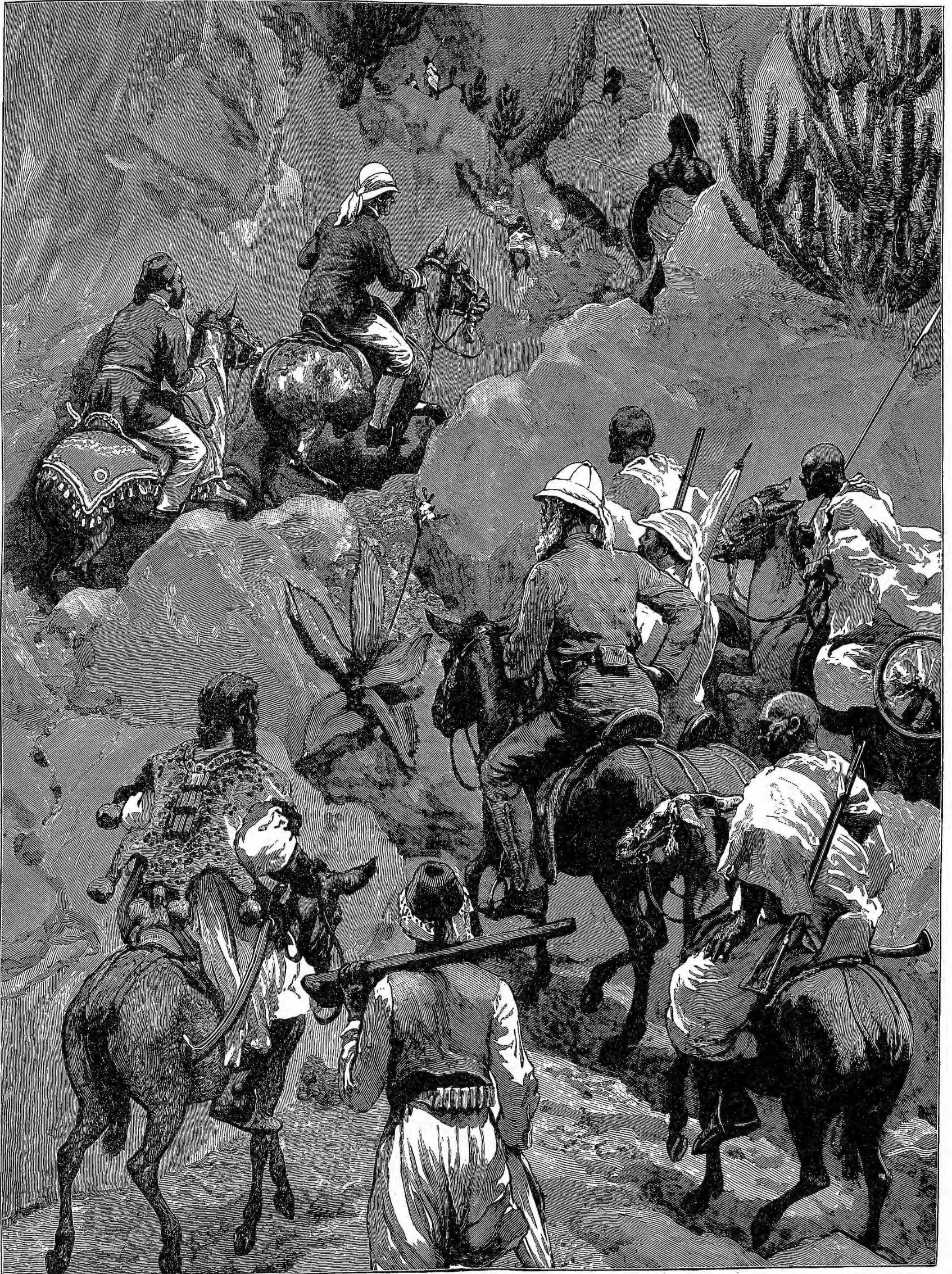
# THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 756.—VOL. XXIX.  
Registered as a Newspaper ] ÉDITION  
DE LUXE

SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1884

WITH EXTRA  
SUPPLEMENT [ PRICE NINEPENCE  
By Post Ninepence Halfpenny



WITH ADMIRAL SIR W. HEWETT'S EMBASSY TO KING JOHN OF ABYSSINIA—THE BEST PART OF THE MAIENSI PASS  
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. VILLIERS



## Topics of the Week

**ENGLAND AND FRANCE.**—There seems to be no doubt that the business of the approaching Conference will relate entirely to finance, but in the mean time England and France are exchanging views as to the general situation in Egypt, and it is supposed that the result of their deliberations will be formally communicated to the other Powers. The precise character of the negotiations which are now in progress is not yet known, but strong suspicion as to the intentions of the English Government is already being expressed. No one, of course, suggests that the Dual Control is to be re-established, for France herself admits that it would be hopeless to attempt to revive a system which was destroyed by the irresistible course of events. It is by no means so certain, however, that the expediency of some kind of international supervision over the administration of Egypt is not being considered. This would suit France very well, because if she possessed, with other Powers, the right of intervening in Egyptian affairs, she would have an excellent chance of indirectly regaining her lost ascendancy. Frenchmen understand the art of political intrigue much better than we have ever done; and a system of international supervision would give them many brilliant opportunities of exercising their skill. On the other hand, Mr. Gladstone is heartily tired of Egypt; and it is not improbable that he would be well pleased if the responsibility which he has borne so ill were to be practically transferred from England to Europe. If any such scheme as this has really been proposed, it is to be hoped that the expression of public opinion in England will be sufficiently emphatic to prevent it from being finally adopted. How can Mr. Gladstone justify the very serious sacrifices he has called upon his countrymen to make on behalf of Egypt, if, after all, England is to derive no special advantage from what she has done? The campaigns conducted by Lord Wolseley and Sir Gerald Graham were certainly not undertaken for the benefit of France, or of Europe generally; and it would indeed be surprising if the English people were prepared to sanction an arrangement that would deprive them of rights for which they have paid so heavy a price both in blood and treasure.

**THE MERCHANT SHIPPING BILL.**—Even Mr. Chamberlain's political opponents admitted that his management of the Bankruptcy Bill last year was admirable. Of the Merchant Shipping Bill he has been a less skilful pilot. The matter to be dealt with is, it is true, much vaster; and ships, sailors, and cargoes are more interesting than insolvent estates. Still, after making all these allowances, it must be confessed that Mr. Chamberlain has not managed skilfully. At the outset he contrived to evoke the wrath of the shipowners; not by the facts which he cited, but by the tone which he displayed. This was eminently a case for the hand of iron in a velvet glove, for legislation concerning the mercantile marine is confessedly a most difficult matter, and no artificial obstacles should be superadded to these difficulties. Whereas Mr. Chamberlain, instead of adopting a studiously courteous tone, pretty plainly said that generically shipowners were rogues. This put the shipowners' backs up, and a vehement opposition was begun, of that quiet but determined kind which arises when the interests of a special body of persons is threatened. The result was that, after all his brave words, Mr. Chamberlain was forced to make some important concessions, thus proving that he was scarcely so certain of the justice of his case as his dogmatic language had implied. In fact, he reversed the maxim above cited. He gripped the shipowners with a glove of steel, but the hand inside was of softer material. Mr. Chamberlain has now ushered in the second reading of the Bill with an elaborate speech; but the shipowners are not mollified by his partial surrender, and it is very doubtful whether the Bill will be converted into an Act during this Session. Personally Mr. Chamberlain may not mind this. He is scattering his speech broadcast over the country, and may be glad to go to the constituencies with a grievance against a class whose leanings are chiefly towards Conservatism. We ourselves cannot feel thus. The Bill deals with abuses which need urgent remedies, and we should like to see it passed without delay. It cannot be right that shipwreck should be more profitable to an owner than the safe arrival of his vessel; yet such is the effect of the present system of insurance.

**MARRIAGES IN VERY HIGH LIFE.**—Society has been much edified by the matrimonial adventures of the Grand Duke of Hesse. It was announced that his Serene Highness had contracted a left-handed marriage; a few days later it was given out that this mysterious union had been dissolved. Is not this rather a free and easy way of dealing with a bond which people who are not grand dukes are taught to consider sacred? There are curious survivals in the marriage customs of princely houses abroad, and some of these are the reverse of exemplary. It is still the practice to educate certain German princesses as "unattached religionists," in order that they may be initiated by and by into the faiths of their husbands. In some Courts a princess, after being trained in her parents' religion, is piously re-trained in that of her future bridegroom as soon as she becomes engaged.

The Princess of Wales's sister, the Princess Dagmar, brought up as a Lutheran, had not only to be educated in the Russian Orthodoxy, but to be rebaptised before she married the Czarevitch, now Emperor of Russia. As monarchs and princes generally profess to be guardians of the faith in their dominions, and are indeed mostly compelled to swear an oath by which they declare themselves to be zealous believers in this or that religion, it is not easy to see on what moral grounds a prince can urge one of his children deliberately to apostatise for the sake of making a good match. As tomorganatic marriages, they must either be regarded as genuine ties, which in the eyes of the contracting parties and of all right-minded persons give the wife her husband's full rank; or else they are mockeries. And if mockeries, then they are desecrations of the church in which they are held, and sacrileges by every law which makes an altar-vow binding—a law which applies as much to princes as to others, whatever rules they may frame among themselves to the contrary.

**IRELAND AND THE FRANCHISE.**—The debate on the question whether Ireland should or should not be included in the Franchise Bill was enlivened by the remarkable speech of Lord Randolph Churchill, who announced his sudden conversion to the view which has always been maintained by the Liberal party. Whatever may be thought of the motives for his change of opinion, it must be admitted that he presented a very vigorous defence of the proposal of the Government. Mr. Chaplin and other Conservatives expressed much surprise at his inconsistency, but they were unable to offer any very serious arguments for the exclusion of Irish agricultural labourers from rights for the exercise of which the agricultural labourers of England and Scotland are thought to be fit. They insisted that the measure would add largely to the number of Mr. Parnell's adherents; but this is merely an assumption which events may disprove. The interests of farmers and agricultural labourers are not always identical; and it is possible that the aims of those who clamour for the separation of Ireland from England may not in the end commend themselves to the class which is about to be emancipated. Even if the worst anticipations be realised, however, it is surely better that we should know exactly what all classes of Irishmen think than that we should legislate for them in the dark. The task of conciliating Ireland is hard enough already; it would be rendered infinitely more difficult if we were to prevent the expression of her real opinions at the very time when we are inviting the fullest discussion on our own side of St. George's Channel. Fortunately, the majority which supported the Government was so overwhelming that the question may now be regarded as practically settled.

**SOUTH AFRICAN TROUBLES.**—"The Dark Continent" is at present "the direful spring of woes unnumbered" to this country. Of Egypt and the Soudan we have our fill; but there are also plenty of worries and anxieties at the other end of Africa. First of all there is the Congo, that mighty river on the south-west coast, superior in volume even to the Nile, and probably destined hereafter to be a very important artery of commerce. An apparently highly respectable and peaceful Society, entitled "The International Association of the Congo," has obtained a considerable foothold in these regions, and the United States Government were so taken by the Society's cosmopolitan and unwarlike character that they officially recognised the Society's flag—blue, with a golden star in the middle. Let us here, like President Lincoln, interpolate an anecdote. Sometimes, in the days of the great French War, a merchant vessel would find herself in the close neighbourhood of what looked like another merchant vessel, with untidy rigging, closed ports, and scarcely a soul visible on deck. Suddenly up went the ports, a grinning row of eighteen-pounders appeared, and the decks swarmed with boarders armed with pistols and cutlasses. The peaceful merchantman had been transformed in a trice into a formidable privateer! Now, we do not wish to push analogies too far, but behind this innocent blue flag with a golden star of the International Association of the Congo there lies the tricolour of France. To France the option of purchasing all the Society's rights and stations has been reserved. This announcement will make the ratification of the Congo Treaty more difficult than ever. Leaving the Congo, and sailing southward, we come upon another "disputable" place. In the neighbourhood of Walvisch Bay, which Lord Derby admits to be British territory, we are threatened, at a place called Angra Pequena, with a German convict settlement! Really these benighted Continentals should be made to understand that penal colonies are at this date anachronisms. Lastly, there is Zululand. Our Government (we don't mean the present Government only), has behaved abominably to the Zulus. We attacked them without provocation, we dethroned Cetewayo, we foolishly restored him when his prestige had vanished, and when his territory had been carved out among sundry princelings; and now, when anarchy and bloodshed prevail all over the country, we refuse to interfere—except in the Reserve. Yet every South African colonist knows that, if we hesitate to annex Zululand, the Transvaal Boers will not be so squeamish.

**PRISONERS AS WITNESSES.**—The Bill for allowing persons charged with crimes to tender evidence on their own behalf will simply bring the procedure of our Law Courts

into harmony with the practice of what we may call domestic tribunals. A child suspected of an offence is questioned by its parents, a servant by his or her masters, a pupil by his teacher. If a theft were committed in a family, it would seem monstrously unjust that a servant should lose situation and character, on the mere evidence of his fellow-servants, without being heard in his own defence; on the other hand, if no evidence were forthcoming against a strongly-suspected servant, it would be ridiculous that a master should abstain from interrogating the man, and feel bound to keep him in his service, on the principle of *nemo auditur propriam turpitudinem allegans*. The system which would not work at all in private households has been found at last not to work well in Criminal Courts either. Many an innocent man must have suffered from being unable to offer himself for cross-examination; and, what is quite as bad, many a guilty prisoner has walked scot-free out of the dock because the judge was debarred from convicting him out of his own mouth. If our English custom had always prevailed, the judgment of Solomon could never have been delivered, nor that of Daniel in the case where Susannah was plaintiff. Too much stress is generally laid on the fact that the nervous prisoner under cross-examination might speak as if guilty; but prisoners have always plenty of time in which to think over their defence, and it would rest with the judges to see that an accused person was not wantonly flurried by counsel. Perhaps, indeed, the restraints which humanity will place upon barristers in regard to the bullying of prisoners will lead by degrees to a more considerate treatment of inoffensive witnesses—a change much to be desired.

**WYCLIF.**—The interest which attaches to the five-hundredth anniversary of the death of Wyclif is in its own way hardly less than that which was aroused by the four-hundredth anniversary of Luther's birth. Certainly Wyclif is not so impressive a figure as Luther; his genius was less commanding; and the immediate results of his work were slight in comparison with those achieved in Germany in the sixteenth century. In some respects, however, Wyclif's position in history is even more remarkable than that of the German Reformer; for while the latter was supported by most of the really important influences of his day, the former may be said to have created the movement of which he remained until his death the foremost representative. Wyclif was at once the last of the schoolmen and the first of the Reformers. He was a master of the dialectic methods of the scholastic philosophy, and at the same time he had the enthusiasm, the independence, and the intensely popular sympathies of those who at last broke the yoke of Rome. In his age the Church seemed to have almost lost the consciousness of a spiritual mission; and it had never to listen to plainer truths about its worldliness than those which were addressed to it by Wyclif. But this part of his work, important as it was, was even less striking than his vehement protest against much of the teaching which the whole Western world then accepted as divine. The liberty he claimed was as wide as that claimed by Luther; and some of his doctrines were even more closely akin than Luther's to modern methods of thought. His influence was seriously damaged by the insurrection headed by Wat Tyler; but Lollardism left a deep mark on the national life, and it is possible that if it had never existed the Reformation in England would have been indefinitely postponed. On the Continent Wyclif was almost as potent a force as in England, for, as recent research has brought out more and more distinctly, it was by his writings that John Huss was chiefly inspired.

**THE PARKS RAILWAY BILL.**—By a narrow majority this measure has failed to meet the approval of the Committee appointed to inquire into its merits. It is said that the arrangements for junctions constituted the weak point on which the enterprise came to grief, and that a measure amended in this respect will be introduced next Session. Ought we to be glad or sorry at this delay? We always regret when any proposal, which tends to the advantage of the many, is rejected because it clashes with the interests of the few; and we cannot help thinking that if the proposed line had traversed an East End park, where there were no influential and wealthy people willing to pay lawyers to declaim about ventilation and blowholes, the preamble of the Bill would have been passed without much demur. We say this boldly, because in the humbler parts of London railway companies have been allowed to build ugly bridges, and leave unsightly gaps where houses have been pulled down, without interference. If this sort of thing is right and proper in Clerkenwell, at Mile End, or in the Borough, why is it wrong in Bond Street or Piccadilly? Fancy a girder bridge across Bond Street! What an outcry there would be! As we have said before, further railway access between the north and south of London is urgently needed, but it surely is not necessary to go through the Parks at all. A much more direct line would be from King's Cross to Charing Cross; and another might be made from Camden Town, *via* the corner of Oxford Street, also to Charing Cross. If these lines were made in open cuttings at the backs of the houses, there would be no need for ventilation, and during their construction it would not be necessary to break up for more than a short time any important thoroughfares. But, at the same time, all city railway traffic should be made as little of a nuisance as possible. Those dreadful shrieking whistles should be forbidden, and all the fuel used should be strictly smokeless.



**A NEW AGRICULTURAL HALL.**—The Agricultural Hall at Islington has been a great blessing to the North of London, and Islington will be merry no longer when its proposed rival at Kensington is erected. Has not the West End of London attractions enough, and cannot it leave some show places for the recreation and profit of other quarters of the town? We do not profess to know whether the management of the existing Agricultural Hall has been such as to suggest that a competitive institution would be desirable in the interests of exhibitors; but if the new Hall is to be built simply for the convenience of the richer classes we cannot see that it will do much good. The removal of the annual Cattle Show to Kensington would add greatly to the expenses of the farmers, drovers, and other country folk who come from the Midlands and the Northern Counties to spend a December week in London. These visitors could not find accommodation so cheap at the West End as they do in the hotels and lodging-houses of the northern suburbs; besides which it is obviously advantageous to cattle dealers, meat salesmen, and butchers that the Cattle Show should be held within short distance of the Metropolitan Cattle Market. But we are thinking of the stationary population of North London when we say that should the Sporting, Nautical, Dairy, Building Trades, Art Furniture, and other Exhibitions be all gradually withdrawn from Islington—as seems likely should the new Hall carry out its programme—the mere educational loss will to many of the poorer classes be serious. Rich people will not go to Islington for an Art Exhibition if they can get one at the West End, and without the patronage of the rich such exhibitions could not be opened in the North. It has, however, been in many ways a gain to the enormous population of North London, living remote from picture galleries and museums, to have pretty and useful exhibitions of all kinds brought to Islington; and we look without any pleasure on the growing tendency to centralise all such shows in the West, amid the very people who can best afford to go and view them elsewhere.

**MISSIONS IN THE EAST END.**—Probably there never was a time in the history of England when so much earnest attention was devoted to the wants and claims of the poorer classes of the community as at the present day. Multitudes of men and women seem to have suddenly convinced themselves that there must be something radically wrong in those glaring inequalities in the distribution of wealth to which we have been conducted by the system of "free contract;" and they are apparently determined to make resolute efforts to remedy the evils they deplore. The latest manifestation of this spirit was seen in the remarkable meeting held by Old Etonians in St. James's Hall on Wednesday, when proposals were made in support of the Eton Mission in East London. The Eton Mission is intended to bring some of the influences of civilisation within reach of the inhabitants of those miserable slums of which we have lately heard so much; and its work will accord with that of the University Mission, in which many of the best men at the great English Universities are already taking an active interest. It is too early to express a definite opinion as to the results likely to be effected by these "Missions;" but there can at any rate be no doubt that those who are working for them are working in the right direction. No one can do better service to his country than by helping to bridge over the gulf which separates class from class; and Eton, Oxford, and Cambridge will have a new claim on the sympathy and goodwill of Englishmen if they succeed in doing even a small part of what they now hope to accomplish.

**MILITARY SPIES.**—The trial at Leipsic of Messrs. Hentsch and Kraszewski is calculated to arouse several reflections in the average British mind. First, we rejoice that, in spite of the efforts of Sir Edward Watkin, we still live in an island, and that, therefore, fortresses are of less vital importance to us than to Continental nations. Secondly, we wonder whether our Government possesses any military secrets, for the possession of which it would be worth the while of any foreign Power to subsidise a spy. Rightly or wrongly, such is our system of publicity that it is doubtful whether there is any secret in the archives of the War Office or Admiralty for which a designing foreigner would be willing to pay—say, one of Mr. Childers' ten-shilling pieces. Thirdly, we are inclined to ask whether, even on the Continent, in time of peace the kind of information which is obtainable from traitors and renegades is really worth having. Concerning this point, however, Continentals ought to know their own business best, and they are certainly very suspicious about such matters. Only last summer one of our artists on the Franco-German border was "run in" and detained for some hours, because he was discovered sketching a fort. At the same time it may be shrewdly suspected that Prince Bismarck does not care so much about the conviction of Messrs. Hentsch and Kraszewski (the latter silly fellow had better have stuck to writing his multitudinous novels) as at the opportunity which the trial has afforded him of showing up the French Government as a fellow-conspirator (during a period of nominal peace) with spies and traitors.

**A GOOD CIGAR.**—According to the *Times*, "A very fair cigar may be had in this country for ninepence or a shilling." We are obliged for the information. The number of people who can afford to pay ninepence for a cigar being

rather limited, the poor wretches who think themselves extravagant when they indulge in a sixpenny weed have, it seems, not even the excuse of getting a good thing for their money. Certain smokers, however, who claim to be moderately good judges of tobacco, will continue to think that "very fair" cigars are to be had in London for less than the half of ninepence by those who know how to choose them. The *Times* also remarks that the Continental workman is restricted by Government monopolies "to the use of tobacco so vile that the British workman would not have it as a free gift." This will be news to the Director of the French Régie, who will be puzzled to account for the large exportation of "caporal" which has taken place from France to England of late years. There is scarcely a London tobacconist who does not sell the little pink packets of "caporal" cigarettes, and these are so much appreciated that spurious imitations are often palmed off on unwary purchasers. The truth is, that the French Régie, which is under the direction of State officials, who have been educated at the École Polytechnique and are men of high scientific attainments, is a very honestly-managed institution, yielding tobacco so free from adulteration that it would be a comfort to the British workman if he could make sure of getting as good in this country for double the money. The *St. James's Gazette*, by the way, has done well to call attention to the annual waste of seized tobacco which is burned in the "Queen's Pipe." To what end this foolish destruction of very good smokeable stuff, which might be distributed in barracks, or in asylums, and other refuges for the needy?

**NOTICE.**—With this Number is issued an EXTRA COLOURED SUPPLEMENT, entitled "JUVENILE LONDON, I.—EAST," by Adrien Marie.



**ROYAL INSTITUTE of PAINTERS in WATER-COLOURS, PICCADILLY, W.**

**THE 66TH ANNUAL EXHIBITION NOW OPEN** from 9 a.m. to 6 p.m.

**ADMISSION** 1s. Illustrated Catalogue, 1s. Season Tickets, 5s. ALFRED EVERILL, Sec.

**THE CITY OF LONDON SOCIETY of ARTISTS and GUILDHALL ACADEMY of ART.**  
The SPRING EXHIBITION NOW OPEN at the Galleries, Guildhall (by kind permission of the Corporation of London). Admission, Wednesdays, 1s.; other days, 6d.—Mr. E. W. PARKES, 11, Queen Victoria Street, E.C., Hon. Sec.

**THE VALE OF TEARS.**—DORÉ'S LAST GREAT PICTURE, completed a few days before he died. Now on view at the DORÉ GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street, with "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM," and his other Great Pictures. From 10 to 6 Daily. One Shilling.

**"ANNO DOMINI."** By EDWIN LONG, R.A.—This Great Work is NOW ON VIEW, together with Commendatore CISEN'S Picture of "CHRIST BORNE TO THE TOMB," and other Important Works, at THE GALLERIES, 208, New Bond Street. Ten to six. Admission 1s.

**THE TWENTIETH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of OIL PAINTINGS by ARTISTS of the BRITISH and FOREIGN SCHOOLS** is now OPEN at THOMAS M'LEAN'S GALLERY, 7, Haymarket (next the Theatre).

**NEW PICTURES ON VIEW.**  
SAVOY HOUSE, 115, STRAND.  
WINDING THE SKEIN. SIR F. LEIGHTON.  
DAY DREAMS. SIR F. LEIGHTON.  
ROAD ACROSS THE COMMON. F. STODOLLE.  
LET SLEEPING DOGS LIE. BRITON RIVIERE.  
FEATHER IN HER CAP. JOHN MORGAN.  
EVANGELINE. E. DOUGLASS.  
FLIRTATION. E. DE BLAAS.  
GEO. REES, Savoy House, 115, Strand, London. Near Waterloo Bridge.

**INTERNATIONAL HEALTH EXHIBITION, LONDON.**

PATRON—Her Majesty the QUEEN.  
PRESIDENT—H.R.H. the PRINCE OF WALES, K.G.  
HEALTH.  
Food, Dress, the Dwelling, School, and the Workshop.  
EDUCATION.  
Apparatus used in Primary, Technical, and Art Schools.

Two Military Bands will Play from 3 to 10 p.m., when fine in the Gardens, when met in the Albert Hall. Organ Recital in the Albert Hall, from 3 to 4.  
The Gardens and Buildings will in the Evening be illuminated with Variegated Lamps, Japanese Lamps, and Electric Light.  
OPEN DAILY, from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. Admission, One Shilling on Every Week Day, except on Wednesdays, when it will be 2s. 6d.  
Season Tickets, price 42 1s., are available for the whole term of the Exhibition, and the Closing Ceremony in connection therewith, and admit to the Royal Albert Hall, with the exception of a few reserved days, which will be duly notified. They may be obtained on application to the City Offices, 27, Great Winchester Street, London Wall; at the Offices of the Exhibition at South Kensington, Railway Bookstalls, and the Libraries.  
The Exhibition is within a few minutes' walk of the South Kensington and Gloucester Road Stations of the District and Metropolitan Railways.

**UNDER the immediate Patronage of Her Grace the Duchess of WELLINGTON.**—MR. OBERTHUR'S MORNING CONCERT, Monday, May 26, at the Prince's Hall, Piccadilly. Vocalists: Mesdames Liebhart, Zimeri, Sanderini; Signor de Monaco, Mr. Robt. Grice. Instrumentalists: Mr. Henkel, Mr. Albert, and Mr. Oberthur. Conductors: Mr. W. Ganz and Mr. George Gear. Tickets, 10s. 6d., 5s., and 2s. 6d., to be had at the Prince's Hall; or of Mr. Oberthur, 14, Talbot Road, Westbourne Park, W.

**ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.**  
To-morrow (Monday), May 26.  
**THOROUGH CHANGE OF PROGRAMME**  
at the  
MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS.

NEW AND BEAUTIFUL SONGS, NEW AND ACCOMPLISHED SINGERS,  
NEW AND SCREAMING BURLESQUE SKETCHES,  
Rendering the present Entertainment the most brilliant and attractive in London.  
Great success of  
Mr. EDGAR WILSON (the new Baritone), and of  
Mr. DORNAN (Basso Profundo).  
EVERY NIGHT at EIGHT, MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY  
at THREE and EIGHT.  
No fees of any kind.  
Omnibuses run direct to St. James's Hall from the International Health Exhibition.

**MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.**—Managers, Messrs. ALFRED REED and CORNEY GRAIN.—FAIRLY PUZZLED, a new First Part, written by Oliver Brand, music by Hamilton Clarke. After which a new Musical Sketch, by Mr. Corney Grain, entitled A LITTLE DINNER, Concluding with A DOUBLE EVENT Performances Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday at 3; Evening, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday at 8. Admission 1s. and 2s.; Stalls, 3s. and 5s. Booking Office open from 10 to 6. No charge for Looking.—ST. GEORGE'S HALL, LANGHAM PLACE.

**LYCEUM THEATRE.**—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. HENRY IRVING.—Mr. IRVING begs to respectfully announce that on SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 31, and on the following evenings at EIGHT O'CLOCK, will be presented by the Lyceum Company Shakespeare's Comedy of MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING. Benedict, Mr. HENRY IRVING; Beatrice, Miss ELLEN TERRY. Box Office (Mr. J. Hurst), Now Open.—LYCEUM.

**THE PRINCE'S THEATRE, Coventry Street, W.** Lighted by Electricity.—Proprietor and Manager, Mr. EDGAR BRUCE.—EVERY EVENING, until further notice, will be performed at 8 15, a New Play, in a Prologue and Three Acts, written by Messrs. Hugh Conway and Comyns Carr, entitled CALLED BACK, adapted from Mr. Hugh Conway's very successful story of that name. Mr. Kyrie Bellew, Mr. H. Beerbohm Tree, Mr. H. G. Lethcourt, Mr. Frank Rodney, Mr. L. S. Dewar, Mr. R. de Cordova, Mr. S. Cairray, Mr. Ashman, Mr. Hargrave, Mr. Hilton, Mr. Cameron, Mr. Vandeleur, and Mr. G. W. Anson; Miss Lin-gard, Miss Tibbary, Miss Caroline Parkes, Miss Aylward. New scenery by Messrs. Bruce Smith, W. Perkins, and W. B. Spong. Costumes by Harrison. Doors open 7 30. Overture, 8. Carriages, 11. No fees. Box Office open daily from 11 to 5. Seats may be booked a month in advance.

**DRURY LANE.**—Commencing SATURDAY, May 31.—MORNING PERFORMANCE, WHIT-MONDAY at 3. EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY following at 3 p.m. AUGUSTUS HARRIS, Lessee and Manager. The HAVERLEY SEASON under the management of WILLIAM FOOTE. First appearance in London in four years.

**HAVERLY'S AMERICAN-EUROPEAN MASTODON MINSTRELS.**—The largest congregation of eminent Dramatic, Musical, and Operatic Minstrels ever organised. Not purely an American affair, but a vast collection of vocal and comic celebrities from all English-speaking parts of the world. The leading lights of all the best minstrel troupes from the four quarters of the earth concentrated, and will appear at DRURY LANE, SATURDAY, May 31, under the personal supervision of  
"HAVERLY HIMSELF."  
Popular prices of admission, from 6d. upwards. No fees.

**BRITANNIA THEATRE, HOXTON.**—Sole Proprietress, Mrs. S. LANE.—EVERY EVENING at SEVEN, Grand Production of the Great Military Drama, THE QUEEN'S COLOURS, by Messrs. Henry Pettit and George Conquest. Engagement of a number of Military. Misses Grey, Harlowe, Lewis, Howe, Pettit; Messrs. J. B. Howe, Symes, Steadman, Reynolds, Stephenson, Cook, Newbound, Lewis, Bigwood. INCIDENTALS. Tam, Jello, and Willie, Aerial Gymnasts, The Great Vance, George English, Edgar Austin. Concluding with (Saturday excepted) IRELAND AS IT IS. Saturday, SCARLET DICK.

**BRIGHTON THEATRE.**—Proprietress and Manager, Mrs. H. NYE CHART.—On SATURDAY, May 24, Morning Performance of DICK. On Monday, May 26, and during the week, LES CLOCHES DE CORNEVILLE.

**AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.**—Special Courses of LECTURES (Day and Evening) will commence on THURSDAY, June 10, at 3 and 8 o'clock. The Lectures will be thoroughly practical, and such as to enable any one without previous experience to take portraits, views, and instantaneous pictures by the dry-plate process. Private instruction given.—For syllabus and full particulars apply to the Secretary, Polytechnic Institute, 309, Regent Street, W.

**EPSOM RACES, May 27th, 28th, 29th, and 30th.**  
LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.  
**THE ONLY ROUTE** to the Epsom Downs Station (on the Race Course) is from London Bridge, Victoria, Kensington (Addison Road), and Clapham Junction.

**EPSOM DOWNS STATION.**—This Spacious and Convenient Station, within a few minutes' walk of the Grand Stand, has been specially prepared for the Epsom Race Traffic, and additional First Class Ladies' Waiting Rooms, elegantly furnished, will be provided.

**FREQUENT DIRECT SPECIAL EXPRESS AND CHEAP TRAINS** between the above Stations on all Four Days of the Races, also extra First Class Special Express Trains on the "Derby" and "Oaks" days.

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NOTE.—Tickets taken by the South Western Company's Route to Epsom are not available to return by the Brighton Company's Direct Route from the Epsom Downs Station on the Race Course.

**FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS, SEE SMALL BILLS,** to be had at London Bridge, Victoria, and Kensington Stations, and at the Brighton Company's West End General Offices, 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square, also at their City Offices, Hay's Agency, Cornhill, and Cook's, Ludgate Circus, where tickets may also be obtained.  
The West End Offices will remain open until 10.0 p.m., on Monday, Tuesday, and Thursday, May 26th, 27th, and 29th.  
(By Order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

**WHITSUNTIDE HOLIDAYS.**—The CONTINENT via HARWICH (PARKESTON QUAY).  
Cheap Trips to HOLLAND and BELGIUM. The Express leaves Liverpool Street Station at 8.0 p.m., every week day; and Doncaster at 4.45 p.m. (in connection with Express Trains from Liverpool, Manchester, and the North), running alongside the Company's Steamers at Harwich (Parkeston Quay).  
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**WITH ADMIRAL HEWETT'S MISSION IN ABYSSINIA**  
See page 504.

**COMING OF AGE OF THE CZAREVITCH**  
AND  
**INDIAN COMMANDERS-IN-CHIEF**  
See page 512.

**"CHILDREN OF THE EAST"**

This page of coloured engravings forms one of two sheets, the second of which, entitled "Children of the West," we shall probably publish a week or two hence. The object of the artist, M. Adrien Marie, was to select some phases from the life of the poor and of the well-to-do respectively, grouping the same under the generic titles of East and West, since in London it may on the whole be asserted with truth that wealth gravitates towards the setting, and poverty towards the rising sun. The purport of the pictures is obvious to the meanest capacity; the types are such as are familiar to everybody. It may be presumed that M. Marie made his sketches of the fifer-boy and of the soldier having his boots polished in the neighbourhood of the Tower, and therefore regarded them as East End types. Really, as a matter of fact, except near the Tower, soldiers are in the eastern districts conspicuous by their absence; whereas, in the West, owing to the number of barracks, the "lobster" is a familiar object. This is just one of the matters in which a foreigner, who has heard a great deal about the Tower, London's historical fortress, might easily be misled.

**"DOROTHY FORSTER"**

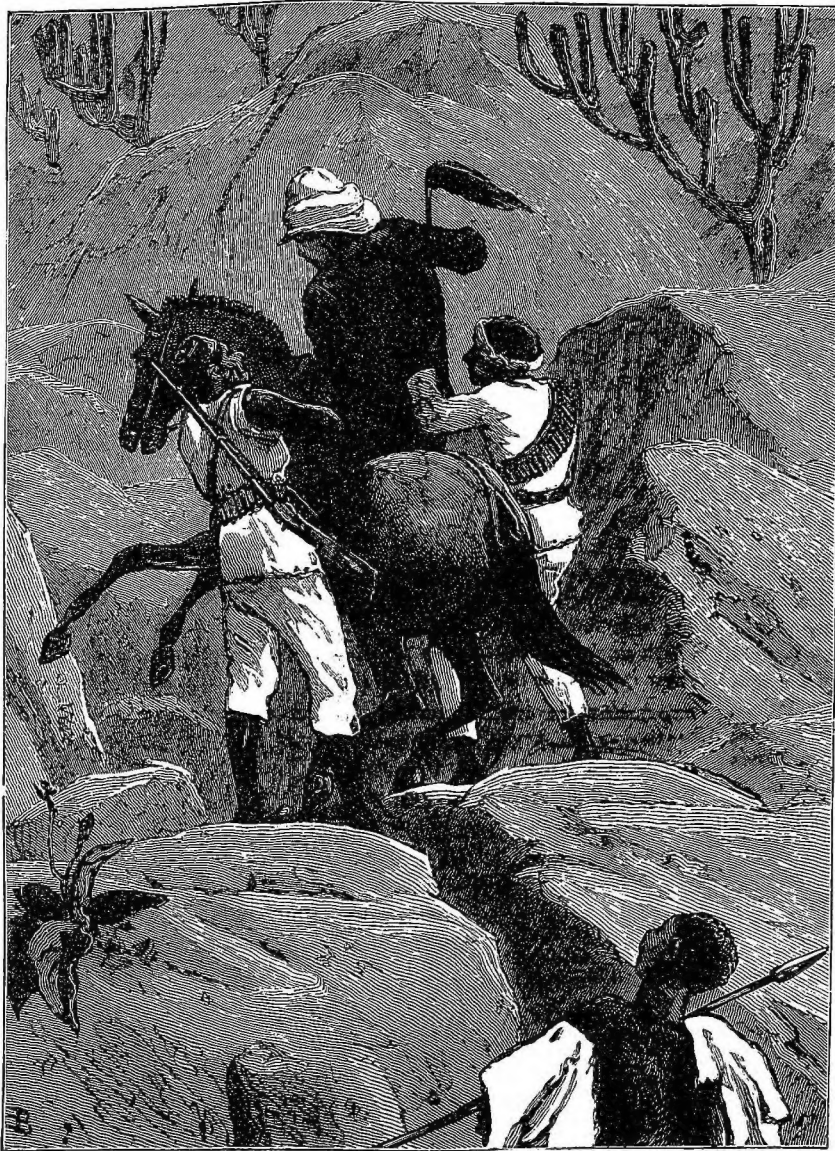
A NEW STORY, by Walter Besant, illustrated by Charles Green, is continued on page 517.

**IN THE FRENCH CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES**  
See page 519.



# WITH ADMIRAL HEWETT'S MISSION IN ABYSSINIA

ADMIRAL HEWETT landed at Massowah on April 7th, and at once started on his journey to Abyssinia, whither he has been despatched by the British Government on a special mission to King John. He is accompanied by Captain Tristram Speedy, who has been specially attached by the Government; Lieutenant. Graham, H.M.S. *Euryalus*; Commander Crowe, H.M.S. *Coquette*; Lieutenant Paris, H.M.S. *Euryalus*; Mr. Smith, Acting Secretary; Mr. Fitzgerald, Acting-Flag-Lieutenant; Dr. Gimlette; Rev. Mr. Todd, Chaplain; Lieutenant Kennedy, of the Black Watch; Mr. Wylde, an East African merchant; and Mason Bey, representing the Egyptian Government. The mission were escorted as far as the Abyssinian frontier by a detachment of Bashi-Bazouks, halting for the night at Shaati, and on the next day at Ailet—a village with hot springs, much resorted to by natives with cutaneous diseases. There they appear to have been entertained with hospitality and much tomtom beating, and a rest was taken on the 9th, the camp equipage being put in order for the journey through the mountains. An Abyssinian officer, with thirty men, also arrived, and relieved the Bashi-Bazouks of the charge of the little party and the presents they were carrying to the King, and next morning (the 10th) the march forward was commenced. That evening Admiral Hewett halted at Satagumba, and on the 11th the Rara Pass was traversed, and the mission reached the narrow valley of the Genda. Admiral Hewett remained there a day awaiting the arrival of the lieutenant of the great Abyssinian chief, Ras Aloola, who eventually arrived with a very ragged regiment, to escort them through the mountains to the chief's camp on the plateau of Asmara. "The first few miles of the route," writes the correspondent of the *Daily News*, who with our special artist, Mr. F. Villiers, accompanied the mission, "lay through very fine mountain scenery, not unlike the Highlands, and very like the Balkans. Birch, cedar, and acacia trees, box and orchids covered the sides of the gorges, flowers in profusion, maiden hair fern, and lichens brushed us as

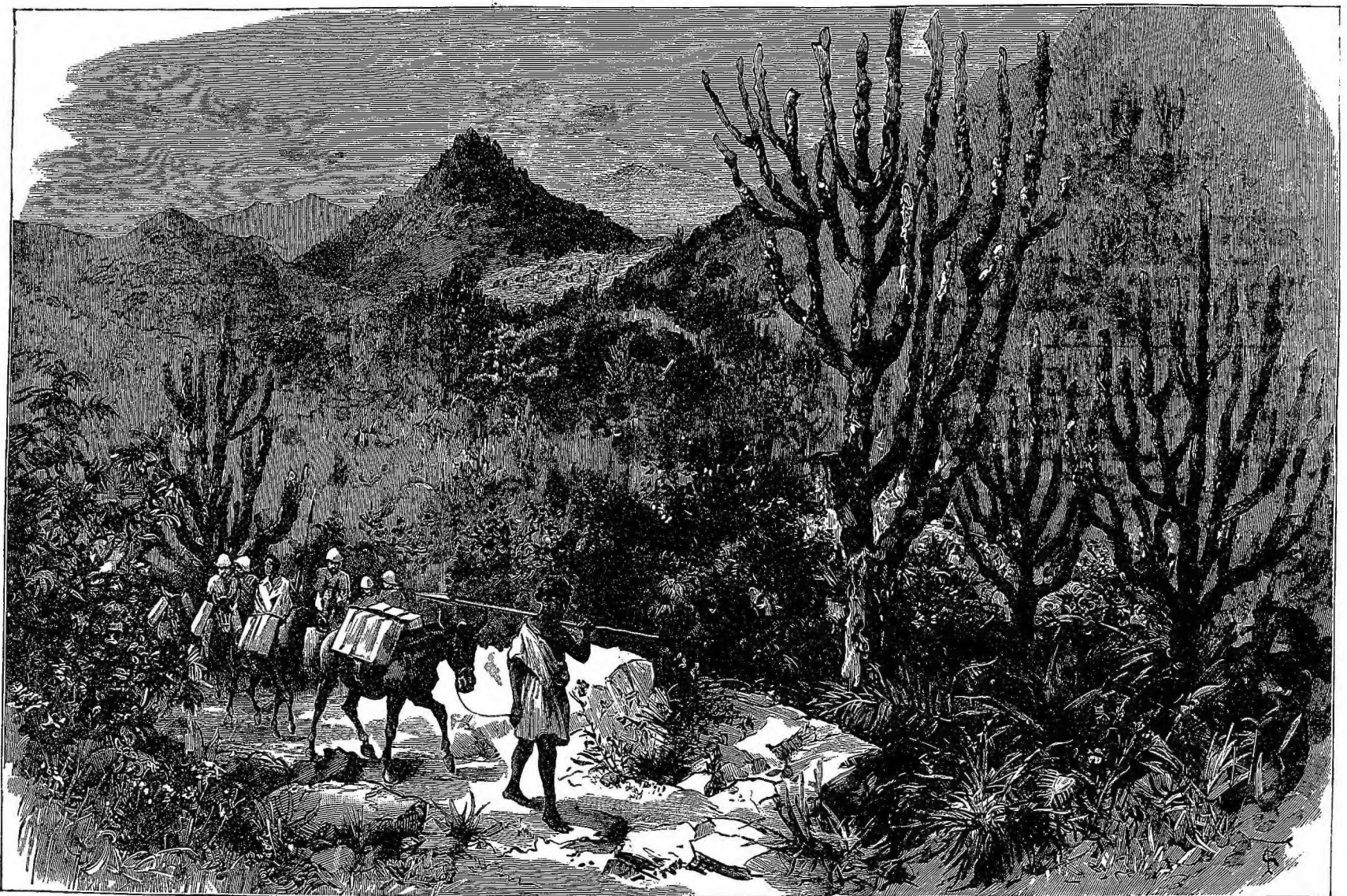


AN AWKWARD PART OF THE MAIENSI PASS

we toiled up the mountain. A few of the Abyssinian guard in front of the Admiral played upon pipes roughly made out of the bark of trees, and the notes, very mellow and sweet, seemed to start all the birds along our route into song." The scenery soon changed its character and became more tropical, and the tents were finally pitched in a narrow valley under an avenue of *Euphorbia candelabra gigantea*, bright with clusters of red and yellow blossom. This plant is shown in several of our artist's sketches. "The following day," he continues, "was the most trying and difficult of all our marches. The Maiensi Pass is one of the steepest routes for the passage of human beings to be found on the globe. It was found impossible to ride any kind of horse up it; so we all took to mules. Presently the route narrowed into a rocky defile, and we suddenly emerged on to the Abyssinian plateau. Immediately Her Majesty's representative was sighted the slight eminence on our right and the plateau on our left became alive with horsemen galloping towards us, and when we were well in the open more than 1,500 cavalry charged straight at our group, throwing up their spears and waving their shields. Curbing their horses a few paces in our front, they careered round our flanks, bowing to the Admiral, and then formed up in an irregular line in our rear." These wild horsemen all wore the red and white toga and head-gear of various coloured handkerchiefs in different modes, some had a simple narrow white band round their close curly hair, while others sported a lion's mane, and fringed their dusky faces with its hair, making them look almost as wild as the animal itself. They carried circular shields, bolted with silver, and were armed with swords and spears, while the metal trappings of their steeds flashed gaily in the bright sunlight.

Shortly afterwards Ras Aloola's camp was reached. At the entrance of the chief's tent Admiral Hewett dismounted, and was met by Ras Aloola, who walked forward and shook hands. The Admiral, Mason Bey, and Captain Speedy then entered the tent amid much drum-beating, and a brief conference ensued, during which the customary compliments and presents were exchanged.

Ras Aloola was presented with shot-guns, rifles, accoutrements, ammunition, silks,



A GLIMPE FROM THE MAIENSI PASS

WITH ADMIRAL SIR W. HEWETT'S EMBASSY TO KING JOHN OF ABYSSINIA  
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. VILLIERS





SIR W. HEWETT TAKES A REST BY THE WAY, AND BECOMES AN OBJECT OF CURIOSITY

Aloola's Camp



Flag-Lieutenant Graham

Sir W. Hewett

H.E. Mason Bey

Captain Speedy

ARRIVAL OF SIR W. HEWETT AT THE TOP OF THE MAIENSI PASS—A RECEPTION BY ABYSSINIAN HORSEMEN

WITH ADMIRAL SIR W. HEWETT'S EMBASSY TO KING JOHN OF ABYSSINIA  
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. VILLIERS



carpets, and a Turkish ewer and basin, while the Admiral received a handsome robe of honour and a gaily-caparisoned mule. The chief is described as a man of medium stature, of about forty-five years of age, close-shaven massive head, fine eyes, and, but for a skin almost as black as a negro, quite Roman in type: "with his toga thrown gracefully about him, he looked as nearly as possible like some of the statues of the great Cæsar." Though perfectly cordial, he seemed very reticent as to the whereabouts of King John, saying that "Only God and His Majesty knew."

After the trying ride through the plains Admiral Hewett thought it advisable to rest a day, but the next morning the journey was resumed under the protection of Ras Aloola and his army, the cavalry performing barbaric evolutions round the little party in the Admiral's honour. By the last advice, dated the 6th inst., Admiral Hewett reached Adowa on April 26th, and was expected to have an interview with King John on May 12th. In a letter from Adowa on April 29th, the *Daily News* correspondent writes that no one was deputed to receive the mission on its arrival. Aloola had been sent forward to Makaki to King John with the draft Treaty, and had returned with the reply that the King would come to Adowa. The people were described as rude and offensive, and for some time were prohibited from supplying the mission with food. The terms of the proposed treaty are stated to be as follows:—Firstly, Massowah to be a free port; secondly, the country of Bogas Senheit to belong to Ethiopia; thirdly, the ruler of Egypt to give facility to King John in the appointment of an Abuna, the head of the Abyssinian Church, now nominated by Egyptian authorities; fourthly, King John to give all possible assistance to the garrisons of Kalabat, Kassala, and Amadih, allowing them to withdraw through his country with safety; lastly, the difficulties arising with Egypt to be settled by the arbitration of England.

#### THE "KING" COUNTRY OF NEW ZEALAND

THE approaching visit of Tawhiao, the "King of the Maoris," to England, will not probably excite so strong an interest on the part of the public as was aroused when his late Majesty Cetewayo was staying among us; but the event is full of significance for the future of New Zealand. Tawhiao, like Cetewayo, is desirous of making a personal appeal to the Queen and to the British public on matters connected with his "kingly rights;" and, if his visit to this country is attended with no other result, it will be of service in arousing inquiry as to the position and prospects of the land over which he still exercises more or less of sovereign sway. This territory lies between Auckland on the north, Napier on the east, and New Plymouth on the west, and occupies an area of about 20,000 square miles. Jealously guarded alike by the formidable barriers which Nature has put in the way of its exploration, and by the obstacles which their superstitions have induced the natives to oppose to the approach of foreigners, the King Country has hitherto been a "sealed book" to Europeans.

#### A MYSTERIOUS REGION

THE fringe of it has been visited by tourists, but all that has been certainly known of the interior was that, right in the middle of the island, the twin volcanoes of Tongariro and Ruapehu reared their lofty heads, keeping guard over a giant lake.

It is only three years since the summit of Tongariro was first trodden by the foot of a white man—the honour falling to the lot of an American. The last ascent of the volcano was made by an Englishman, Mr. J. H. Kerry Nicholls, who, in company with Mr. J. A. Turner, a half-caste, of Whitiwhatiho, who acted as interpreter, started last year on what has proved the most complete journey of exploration through the heart of the region, in the course of which he was enabled to cap the feat of the American traveller by making the first ascent of Mount Ruapehu. Two of Mr. Nicholls' sketches, taken in the course of his journey, are reproduced among our illustrations to-day.

#### TROUBLES WITH THE NATIVES

THE district to the North and East of Lake Taupo was the scene of the last Maori War. Since then the King Country, though forming an integral portion of the Colony of New Zealand, and so acknowledged by the natives, has been left to the exclusive enjoyment of the Maoris, who have partially lived in independence under their own kings. They—or at least a considerable section of them—have, however, nursed a spirit of hostility to Europeans; so much so that their attitude has been a continual source of irritation and danger. The country was, to all intents and purposes, an *imperium in imperio*, situated in the heart of an important British colony: a *terra incognita*, inhabited exclusively by a warlike race of savages, ruled over by an absolute monarch who defied our laws, ignored our institutions, and in whose territory the rebel, the murderer, and the outcast took refuge with impunity. Sir Donald McLean, and later Sir George Grey, entered into prolonged personal negotiation with the "Kingites," first with King Te Wherowhero and afterwards with King Tawhiao, but it was not till about two years ago that a definite settlement was arrived at, and that only at imminent risk of hostilities. While King Tawhiao, who had professed great goodwill towards the whites, temporised, a native "prophet," Te Whiti by name, managed to get the ears of the people, and to persuade them that if they resisted the demands of the whites they would be able to keep them out of the country. A great gathering of Maoris accordingly took place at Parihaka, and it was only by much firmness on the part of Mr. Bryce, the Minister for Native Affairs, that the authority of the Government was vindicated. Fortunately Te Whiti trusted to spiritual instead of to material arms, and taught his people to believe that his person and theirs were inviolate, and that the Pakeha could not touch them. This illusion was rudely dispelled when a body of constabulary arrested Te Whiti and his associates, and lodged them in gaol. The people quietly accepted this disappointment of all their hopes, and, after a little further delay, the consent of Tawhiao and the principal chiefs was obtained to a survey of that portion of the country by the Government surveyor. Still a party of fanatics resisted, and forcibly seized the Government exploring party, who were only released after considerable difficulty and amid the mutual excitement of whites and natives, which well-nigh culminated in actual hostilities. The result, for the time being, of the existing settlement of the question is that a considerable area of fertile land on the banks of the Lower Waikato River, to the north-west of the North Island, will be thrown open to Europeans, and is now being surveyed.

#### A CONTRAST

PHYSICALLY, the King Country is divided into two distinct parts; one wild, volcanic, and desolate, but beautiful withal; the other comprising rich grassy plains and fertile arable land. The volcanic region lies to the east, the agricultural district to the west, on the banks of the River Waikato, which, rising in the one, a rapid brawling brook of thermal waters and sulphurous taste, flows peacefully through the other, carrying fertility in its course, thus linking together the scenes of such different characters, heightening the contrast between the aspects of Nature in its savage and its tender moods, and forming a bond of union, so to speak, between the traditions of the aboriginal occupants of the country and the aspirations of the ever-advancing tide of European settlement.

#### ALONG THE SHORES OF LAKE TAUPO

MR. NICHOLLS' course lay along the eastern shores of Lake Taupo, through which a legend of the Maoris represents the River Waikato

as flowing without mingling its blue waters with those of the lake. Along the banks of this lovely sheet of water lie scattered several "whares," or native villages, where the existence of an hotel or a constabulary barrack in juxtaposition to the remains of old *pahs*, or strongholds, symbolises the commingling of the ancient barbarism of the Maoris with European civilisation. The scenery along the banks of the lake is very romantic. As far as the eye can reach the grand sheet of water, its surface broke here and there by lovely islands, stretches away in the distance in a wide expanse of blue, just a shade deeper than the sky above, against which the distant snow-capped mountains stand out in bold relief. To the west are the densely wooded heights of the "King Country;" to the north a level plain, above which the rugged, crater-shaped cone of Tauhara ("The Lone Lover" of the natives) rises to a height of 3,400 feet, covered with a dense growth of luxuriant vegetation. To the east the wide expanse known as the Kaingaroa Plains, clothed in a mantle of waving tussock grass; while south-easterly stands the long line of the Kaimanawa Ranges, their tall pointed peaks looking like the Sierras of Southern Spain. Beyond, in the background, the graceful cone of Tongariro, capped with a feathery cloud of steam, stands out in grand proportions; while high above all towers the stupendous form of Ruapehu—its rugged-peaked summit radiant in its fleecy mantle of snow.

#### THE BOILING SPRINGS

AMONG the smaller details of the scene, the boiling springs and fumaroles are most interesting, affording as they do evidence of the active volcanic forces still at work on a small scale. Some settlements are located in the midst of hot springs, of which the natives avail themselves for cooking, bathing, and other purposes. The largest and most remarkable hot spring is Te Pirori, which, from a deep, round hole, throws up a column of boiling water to a height of ten to fifteen feet, amidst dense volumes of steam. For a space of nearly three square miles one may walk over quaking soil, where bubbling springs of hot water flowing into basins of white siliceous rock, and jets of hissing steam bursting from the ground, meet one at every turn. The exhalations from the fumaroles, and the deposits from the water, highly charged with lime, exercise a sterilising effect on the soil; but at every opportunity the natural fertility of the soil asserts itself, and splendid forests alternate with great patches of rich grassy meadow land. Round the base of Tongariro itself is a belt of fertile land—the Rangipo Plateau—which will compare favourably with any tract of similar size in any part of the world; but immediately at the foot of the cone this gives way to a desolate ravine, known as the Waihohe Valley. "When we lay down to rest," says Mr. Nicholls, "in the dreary valley with its lava-walled sides, the full moon shone brilliantly, the great cone of Tongariro, with its feathery cloud of steam, looked grandly beautiful beneath the clear silvery light, the stars hung like lamps from the cloudless heavens, and the magnificent Southern Cross shone directly over our heads."

#### HOW TONGARIRO AND RUAPEHU WERE FORMED

THE cone of Tongariro is but one (and the largest) of a group of volcanic peaks, arranged in an almost complete circle around the base of their central giant sister. Its shape is wonderfully symmetrical, more especially when viewed from the south, its sides rising without a twist or bend to mar the general effect, at a slope of about thirty degrees from the horizon, to a height of 7,800 feet. This mass has apparently not been elevated, in the ordinary sense of the word, by an upheaval of the crust of the earth above its usual level, but by the gradual process of accumulation, the sides consisting of a vast pile of *scoria*, huge boulders, masses of lava, and various volcanic conglomerates ejected from what was at one time probably only a comparatively small crater on the level of the surrounding country, but which has gradually built itself up to its present proportions. Ruapehu, on the contrary, its colossal neighbour, is a typical result of volcanic upheaval, being formed by the wholesale displacement of the crust of the earth.

#### THE ASCENT OF THE CRATER

THE climb to the summit of Tongariro is no holiday task, the loose soil affording no firm foothold. At 6,500 feet the last vestige of vegetation is to be seen in a few scattered specimens of *Graphium bellidoides*: above this huge icicles become frequent, and the ascent of the last 1,000 feet is rendered doubly insecure by the slippery sheets of ice and by sudden gusts of wind. A frozen steep incline leads directly to the edge of the great crater, an almost complete circle of nearly a mile in circumference, and apparently 400 feet deep, reverberating with the loud bubbling of boiling springs, the hissing, screeching sound of great columns of steam bursting with terrific force from the rocky vents, and the unearthly gurglings of jets of boiling mud shooting into the air. The very topmost point of the mountain, 7,800 feet above the level of the sea, is formed by a broken rugged peak, with a precipitous descent into the boiling crater below.



HER MAJESTY, as Duchess of Lancaster, has granted 100*l.* from the revenue of the Duchy towards the local guarantee fund of the Royal Agricultural Show to be held next year at Preston.

A SUPPLEMENT to the *London Gazette*, published on Wednesday, contains a number of honours and promotions conferred on members of both services in connection with the operations in the Soudan. Major-General Sir Gerald Graham becomes a Lieutenant-General; Colonel Sir Redvers Buller a Major-General; General and Rear-Admiral Sir William Hewett a Vice-Admiral, while in command on the East India Station. The Victoria Cross is conferred on Captain Arthur Knyvett, Royal Navy, and on Lieutenant Marling, Quartermaster Sergeant William Marshall, and Private Thomas Edwards, of Her Majesty's Land Forces.

THE EX-SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, Viscount Hampden, took his seat in the House of Peers on Tuesday. The new Speaker was sworn a member of the Privy Council at Windsor on Monday.

ACKNOWLEDGING THE RECEIPT OF ANTI-MINISTERIAL RESOLUTIONS passed by the Committee of a Conservative provincial association, Lord Salisbury and Sir Stafford Northcote express their intention to do their utmost to procure an early appeal to the constituencies.

SPEECHES by several prominent politicians were delivered on Wednesday. Presiding at the House Dinner of the National Liberal Club, Sir William Harcourt said that, in spite of the Opposition, the Government would not annex Egypt, and would do their duty both to General Gordon and to the people of this country. The Conservative speeches and votes on the inclusion of Ireland in the Franchise Bill—a question on which the Ministerial majority had been raised from 130 to 195—showed that the Opposition had no sort of cohesion about it, and could not form an effective Govern-

ment.—At the banquet of the Tower Hamlets Conservative Association, Lord Carnarvon spoke of the division on the Vote of Censure as triumphing over Ministerial obduracy. We now heard stories of an expedition being organised under the pressure of a moral defeat, but a moral liability bore heavily on those who had incurred this supreme risk.—Speaking at Great Marlow, Mr. W. H. Smith denied the capability of the present House of Commons to express the views and feelings of the country, and called on the Ministers to dissolve.

IN A LETTER TO A PARLIAMENTARY CORRESPONDENT, Mr. John Bright expresses his regret that his name was absent from the list of the Ministerial majority against the Vote of Censure last week. A defeat of the Government, he says, would be a catastrophe, the magnitude of which no man could measure.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL has been unanimously re-elected Chairman of the Council of the National Union of Conservative and Constitutional Associations, as a sequel to the agreement arrived at by the Conservative Leaders and himself in regard to the future relations between them and the Union on the one hand, and on the other between the Union and the Conservative organisations throughout the country. This agreement is due to the mediation of representatives of some of the most important Conservative Associations in the provinces, undertaken at the instance of Mr. Forwood, chairman of the Liverpool Conservative Association. The Conservative Leaders are still to control the finance and public policy of the party, but the local organisations are to look for assistance, encouragement, and advice to the National Union, to the Council of which it is suggested a representative of the party leaders should be added, and a portion of the party fund should be annually allotted. On the other hand, the National Union, while becoming more widely representative than now, of the local Conservative Associations, is to differ from a Caucus in not interfering with the policy of Conservative members of Parliament, and in allowing complete independence of action to the local organisations. A memorandum embodying these views received the written approval of Lord Salisbury, Sir Stafford Northcote, and Lord Randolph Churchill.

MR. W. E. FORSTER has addressed a long letter to the Chairman of the Bradford Liberal Four Hundred, who last week condemned his speech on the Vote of Censure and complained of his Parliamentary conduct during this Session. He denies having impugned Mr. Gladstone's sincerity, and reminds the Committee that they have not given an opinion on the Egyptian question, while he, having a strong one, could not have done otherwise than express it. Even for the honour of representing Bradford he would not forfeit his right to say what he thinks, for never did the right and duty of independent expression need more assertion than now.

TO A RESOLUTION passed by the Tiverton Liberal Committee condemning him for absenting himself from the division on the Vote of Censure last week, Lord Ebrington replied that he was ready, on receiving an adequately-signed requisition, to resign his seat either now or at the General Election. The Committee's rejoinder was to pass a vote of want of confidence in him, and to appoint a sub-committee to select another candidate for the approval of the Liberal electors of the borough.

BOTH AT THE WAR OFFICE and the Admiralty there are symptoms indicating the possibility of the despatch in the autumn of a British force for the relief of General Gordon at Khartoum.

IN A LECTURE at the United Service Institution on "Russian Approaches to India," General Sir E. Hamley reiterated his opinion, expressed in 1878, in favour of a British occupation of Candahar. In the discussion which followed, Lord Napier of Magdala endorsed this view, and Sir Henry Rawlinson said that if Herat were not rendered English it would become Russian.

PRESIDING AT THE ANNUAL FESTIVAL of the Royal Caledonian Asylum, the Duke of Richmond and Gordon said that during the sixty-five years of its existence it had reared and educated more than 2,000 boys and girls. If any soldier in a Scottish regiment lost his life on the battle-field, leaving his children unprovided for, they could always find a home in that asylum.

THE UNIFORMITY OF THE CENSURE pronounced on the London Government Bill at metropolitan meetings was slightly broken on Tuesday, when a resolution approving of the measure was passed at a stormy gathering in the Bridge House Hotel. There was a large attendance of police, and, after the announcement that an amendment condemning the Bill had been rejected, the meeting broke up in disorder.

AT AN INTERVIEW of a deputation from the Central Committee on the water question of the metropolis with the Home Secretary and the President of the Local Government Board, Sir Charles Dilke expressed his general assent to their view, that the companies should charge on the rateable value of premises as representing roughly but fairly the net annual value. There was no reason, he said, to suppose that the valuation lists of the metropolitan parishes were lower than they ought to be, for their interest lay in another direction.

AT THE ANNUAL DINNER of the Royal Literary Fund, on Wednesday, M. Waddington, the French Ambassador, who presided, expressed great admiration and respect for those men who, in the service of newspapers, chiefly of this country, had gone through fire and flood and visited all parts of the world in search of truth, a love of which pervaded the literature of the last half-century. Professor Seeley replied to the toast of "English Literature," and Professor Huxley to that of "Scientific Literature." Proposing the health of the Chairman, Lord Derby said that the Fund was never more prosperous than now. Donations and subscriptions amounting to 1,060*l.* was announced, including 100 guineas from Her Majesty the Queen.

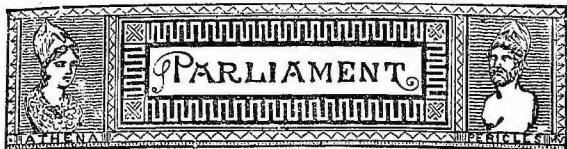
WHEN THE STRUCTURAL ADDITIONS to the Stock Exchange are, as they soon will be, completed, its members will be placed in occupation of a vast Hall of some 16,000 superficial feet in extent.

THE APPROACHING RETIREMENT FROM BUSINESS is announced of Mr. R. W. Crawford, Chairman of the East India Railway Company (who recently resigned the Chairmanship of the Mexican Railway Company), now, through death, the sole surviving partner of the well-known firm of Crawford, Colvin, and Co., which was established under that title in 1833.

THE BRIEF OBITUARY OF THE WEEK records the death of Lady Nigel Kennedy, widow of the late Lord Nigel Kennedy, brother to the second Marquis of Ailsa; of Dr. David Monson, Resident Physician at Strathpeffer, on the sulphur and chalybeate waters of which he had published a very popular work, in his forty-sixth year; of Dr. O'Keefe, Professor of Materia Medica in Queen's College, Cork, at the age of fifty-four; of Mr. Alfred Austin, late Secretary to Her Majesty's Office of Works, in the seventy-ninth year of his age; and of Mr. Frederick Peel Round, for forty-two years Gentleman Usher of the Green Rod, just when completing his sixty-sixth year.

COLLEGE FOR WORKING WOMEN.—To-night (Saturday), at eight, a concert will be given at Steinway Hall in aid of a fund for completing the new Lecture and Entertainment Hall at the College for Working Women, Fitzroy Street, W. Nearly 100*l.* is required to free the little structure of debt. To aid matters, several distinguished vocalists will give their services, and, in order that the entire receipts may go to the fund, Mr. Alexander Macmillan undertakes to bear the incidental expenses of the concert.





MR. CHAMBERLAIN had a field-night on Monday, and moved the second reading of the Merchant Shipping Bill in a speech which, whatever else may be said of it, was certainly long. Rising at six o'clock the President of the Board of Trade resumed his seat at a quarter to ten, apparently less fatigued than any one among his audience. As a Parliamentary *tour de force* it was the more remarkable since he did not seek even the modest refreshment of a glass of water. He went straight on without pause or break, and to all appearance was good for another hour, or, if need were, two. His purpose was plain and legitimate. It is almost certain that the Shipping Bill cannot pass this Session. If the Franchise Bill and the Government of London Bill are got through, as the Government determine that they shall be, it will be the full complement of larger work. Mr. Chamberlain's speech was probably the last we shall hear this Session upon this Bill. It is, especially to a shrewd and capable man like the President of the Board of Trade, everything to have the last word. In this speech he, with great skill and thorough completeness, piled up illustrations of fact, citations of opinion, and argument to prove his case, and it is admitted on all hands that he did his work completely.

The shipowners who still oppose the Bill do not do so on the ground that it is unnecessary. They complain that they have been attacked as a class, and they demand that the measure shall be referred to a Select Committee in order that the charges may be investigated. To refer the Bill to a Select Committee means its abandonment for the Session. But since it will be abandoned in any case no loss of time would ensue from taking the course suggested. Mr. Chamberlain, however, has stated his case, and has taken means to have it brought home to the door of every elector in the three kingdoms. With that he is satisfied, and is content to let the matter stand over, having cast upon the shipowners and the Conservative Opposition in the House of Commons the grave responsibility of delay.

The Franchise Bill has had two sittings appropriated to it during the week, and is to be taken again on Monday. On Tuesday the proceedings were very remarkable, having an importance beyond the immediate amendment before the Committee. This had been placed on the paper in the name of Lord Claud Hamilton, and, in his absence through temporary indisposition, was moved by Mr. Brodrick. It was brief in words and simple in effect, demanding nothing more nor less than the elimination of Ireland from the operation of the Bill. It was the second day's debate on the subject. The first went off quietly enough, though there were then indications of serious difference of opinion on the Conservative Benches. On Tuesday the interest deepened with the early appearance of Lord Randolph Churchill. Since his reconciliation with his Leaders, Lord Randolph had hitherto been all that could be desired. In the Vote of Censure he gave his Party powerful support, and so deep was his newborn enthusiasm for those gentlemen on the Front Bench that he a little overdid a personal compliment to Sir Michael Hicks Beach and his speech on moving the Vote of Censure. On Tuesday Lord Randolph, by way of exordium, announced that so strong was his feeling on the subject before the Committee that he could not be content with giving a silent vote, and that vote must be against the amendment.

This was a surprise of more than usual painfulness. Only in December last the noble lord, speaking on the subject, had in the most emphatic manner protested against the extension of the Franchise in Ireland, and prophesied from it the ruin of the empire. Mr. Chaplin, who does not love Lord Randolph, had provided himself with extracts from this speech, and was impatiently waiting an opportunity of citing them. But Lord Randolph did not permit him even that consolation. In a manner which managed to convey to the minds of his hearers an impression that, upon the whole, it was highly creditable to him, he referred to this speech, and admitted that since making it he had changed his mind. "I have been convinced in debate," he observed, looking round the House as if claiming the approval of members; "and if," he added, changing his tone to one of severe reproof, "debates produce no change on the minds of members, the sooner debates are abolished the better." This took all the wind out of Mr. Chaplin's sails, and when in due course he rose and read his extracts they fell very flat.

Lord Randolph was the most conspicuous and important defaulter from the Conservative ranks, but he was by no means alone. Encouraged by his boldness Mr. Staveley Hill, usually a well-disciplined voter, ranged himself under the Ministerial banner. Sir Stafford Northcote was conveniently in the country, but it was no secret that he strongly disapproved the amendment, and had ineffectually attempted to prevent its being proceeded with. Considerably more than half of the gentlemen on the Front Bench seemed to be of the same opinion, since they absented themselves from the division, leaving Sir Richard Cross, Mr. W. H. Smith, Mr. Gibson, and Mr. Plunket to vote for the amendment. As compared with the number of Conservatives going into the Lobby on the Vote of Censure, nearly a hundred of the Party were with Lord Randolph and—rare combination!—Sir Stafford Northcote. On a division the amendment was rejected by 332 votes against 137, bringing the Ministerial majority within five of 200.

It must be said to the credit of the Irish members that no sacrifice for their advantage of personal predilection to political rectitude has the result of modifying their manners. On Monday night they fought nearly an hour over a Bill dealing with the Registry of Deeds in the County of Middlesex. This was a matter that was not of the slightest concern to them. Doubtless many of them did not know what was the object of the Bill. But they did know that Mr. Courtney was in charge of it, and they go beyond the average of members in personal dislike of the Secretary to the Treasury. Moreover, they happened to be there, and might as well obstruct business. They divided as often as might safely be done on motions for the adjournment, and took a final division against the second reading, mustering 17 against a majority of 86.

They would doubtless have carried their obstruction further on motions for the adjournment, but that they are beginning to have a wholesome feeling of respect for the Speaker. Earlier in the sitting Mr. O'Brien had come in conflict with him, and had been sorely worsted. This arose on an abominable attempt to use the Orders of the House of Commons as a medium for making a vague charge of felonious conduct against officials of the Irish Government. The clerk at the table had declined to accept this motion, and Mr. O'Brien had during the negotiations lost the precedence gained at the ballot. He now came with complaint to the House, incidentally suggesting that Sir Erskine May had been in collusion with the members who had obtained precedence. Mr. Gladstone here interposed, and indignantly denounced this attack upon an official of the House who was not in a position to defend himself. Mr. O'Brien bullied, and his compatriots stormed. But Mr. Gladstone, for once sustained by the support of the whole House, stood his ground, and the Speaker acting both with promptness and firmness, what might in other hands have degenerated into a prolonged row was terminated within ten minutes.

Pending the arrival of the Franchise Bill the Lords have come in conflict with the House of Commons on the question of the Wellington statue. On Tuesday night, by a considerable majority, they decided that the monument should not be removed, whereas the House of Commons by a still larger majority has approved the plans of the First Commissioner. The decision of the Lords loses a little weight by reason of the fact that on a former occasion they decided in a contrary sense. Nothing particular is likely to come of the event. The Government will not resign, and preparations for the removal of the monstrosity which so long lifted its ludicrous front over Hyde Park Corner are quietly going forward.

On Wednesday the House was occupied with a new Bill promoted by Irish members, the third, as Mr. Parnell complained, that had been submitted from that quarter during the Session, and rejected by the Chief Secretary. This proposed to amend an Act passed last year for the better housing of Irish labourers. Considering that the Act has worked exceedingly well, and has been less than a year in operation, Mr. Trevelyan declined to accept the amended Bill, for which he was roundly abused by Mr. Parnell. The Bill was on a division rejected by 138 votes against 75.



THE TURF.—Though there has been racing this week at Bath, Doncaster, Harpenden, and elsewhere, hardly any of the events decided call for special remark as interesting in themselves or as bearing upon the future. It may be noted, however, that the Great Northern Handicap at Doncaster was booked as a certainty for that useful old horse Victor Emmanuel, but he could not get a place, the race falling to the Camballo colt. Racing talk has rather been about the victory of Harvester last week over Scot Free, and the semi-private, semi-public trial at Newmarket, in which the three-year-old St. Simon may be said to have shown himself the best of modern racehorses; and of the coming Derby next week. This event offers a very interesting puzzle, as Sir John Willoughby owns the two first favourites in Harvester and Queen Adelaide. On paper and on public form, absolute and relative, the latter is entitled to most consideration, and the professional prophets stick to her, though, perhaps, they feel bound to do so as they committed themselves so strongly in her favour after her performance in the One Thousand. Harvester, however, holds the pride of place in the market; but still even the most astute in Turf matters can hardly hazard a conjecture as to which of the two will start first favourite, or whether one of them may not even be withdrawn from the race. Talisman, St. Médard, St. Gatien, and Richmond are most in demand at the time of writing, and there are not wanting those who think the last-named will win for the "American plunger," Mr. Walton. Plenty of outsiders are being backed; but this hardly seems an outsiders' Derby.—Busbybody looks like "good goods" for the Oaks.—The Manchester Cup, to be run on June 5th, seems to be provoking a good deal of speculation, "Mr. Manton's" Corrie Roy and Lord Rosebery's Cameliard being most in demand. The investing public nowadays seem to prefer handicaps to weight-for-age races.—The Duke of Westminster has sold Doncaster for 5,000*l.* to the Hungarian Government. His Grace gave 14,000*l.* for him; but though he was the sire of Bend Or, who won the Derby for the House of Grosvenor, he failed to fulfil the expectations entertained for him at the stud.—The French "Oaks" (which precedes the French "Derby," to be run on Sunday next) was won by M. André's *Fregate*, who started at 12 to 1 in a field of sixteen. The favourite, *Yvrande*, was second.

CRICKET.—The season has opened with fine weather and plenty of excitement. The M.C.C. has put forth its strength early, and gained victories over Kent, Yorkshire, and Lancashire. But these with the general cricket-loving public are small matters when compared with the interest taken in the doings of the Australian team. Their one-innings' victory over Lord Sheffield's strong eleven, last week, may almost be said to have "established a funk" throughout the country at the outset, and the thanks of our cricketers generally are due to the young Oxonians, who have shown what quick eyes, steady hands, and cool heads can do, even when it seemed any odds against them. The match at Oxford was one which will ever be memorable in the annals of cricket—a victory by seven wickets over such opponents, won by sheer good play all round, being no mean triumph. The Australians scored 148 in their first and 168 in their second innings; and Oxford in their first 209, towards which Mr. O'Brien's 92 was a grand contribution. The Oxford bowling and fielding were excellent, and the seven catches at short slip by Nicholls will long be remembered. The captain, Mr. C. Kemp, distinguished himself in every way, his 63 (not out) in the second innings being one of the best batting performances ever witnessed, and which must secure for him a place in any representative Gentlemen Eleven. His generalship during the match was excellent, and it is no little to his credit that he was bold enough to play several fresh hands in his team.—The Australians have made short work this week of the Surrey men at the Oval, winning the match by eight wickets. The highest score in the game was made on the Australian side by Scott, who marked 71.

ATHLETICS.—Mr. George has again beaten the record—his own—by running at the meeting of the London Athletic Club four miles in 19 min. 39 4/5ths secs., as against his previous best, 19 min. 49 3/4 secs. His time is thus only a trifle more than three seconds over the best professional time, made some years ago by Jack White at Hackney Wick.

COACHING.—The first meet of the Coaching Club took place on Saturday last in Hyde Park, and was well attended both by coaches and their admirers. Polo at Hurlingham was the complement of the gathering.

### AT KHARTOUM

BREATHLESS we look, and listen day by day,—  
No sign, no cry, no echo of the fray.

Behind the silence is it ill or well  
With that imperial Englishman, at bay,  
Within the desert city far away?—

Revolt around him in full surge and swell;  
The gathering hordes of that fanatic power  
Pressing him close and closer every hour;

Without defence except the potent spell  
Of his own famous name; and that keen brain—  
His only weapon—will it cut in twain  
The knot whose strands he cannot extricate,  
With some high stroke of daring? What his fate?  
To conquer or succumb? God knows, not we,—  
God help him in his sore extremity!

E. C.



FEMALE VACCINATORS have been introduced in Madras, so as to evade the prejudice against native women being treated by medical men.

A GUJARATI TRANSLATION OF THE QUEEN'S BOOK is proposed in Bombay, and a young Parsee lady, Miss Putlibai Wadia, has asked for the necessary permission.

BANK HOLIDAYS are likely to be introduced in France, and the Government propose to try the experiment of making Easter Monday and Whit-Monday general holidays throughout the country.

THE ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE CITY OF LONDON SOCIETY OF ARTISTS and Guildhall Academy of Arts was opened on Tuesday, in the old Guildhall Law Courts—a great improvement on the former quarters. The collection is very interesting, and contains some 761 oil and water-colours, besides a small display of sculpture.

THE TWENTY-FIVE PICTURES FROM THE BLENHEIM COLLECTION, which the Duke of Marlborough wants to sell, are worth 400,000*l.* Amongst the number are Raphael's "Madonna Ansidei," fourteen works by Rubens, including the artist's own portrait, four by Van Dyck, including "Charles I. on Horseback," Carlo Dolce's "Mater Dolorosa," and Sebastian del Piombo's "Fornarina."

PROFESSOR HUXLEY will be the first President of the newly-formed Marine Biological Association, which has chosen Plymouth as the most suitable site for its inaugural marine laboratory and experimental station. Talking of the study of fish-life, a tiny subterranean fish has been discovered by an Italian civil engineer, when prospecting for water in Italy. Having tapped a spring with an Abyssinian tube-well, he pumped up a minute living fish, perfectly eyeless, and which evidently inhabited underground waters.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM has acquired some valuable gold ornaments, the bronze figures, &c., at the sale of the final portion of the famous Castellani collection—now entirely dispersed. Some of these gold ornaments were amongst the finest specimens, notably a necklace with enamelled butterflies as clasps, earrings in the forms of dolphins and cocks, and a large gold pin with a head of Venus. Four *ciste* with beautiful drawings were bought by the Museum, and a bronze axe inscribed with a dedicatory inscription in archaic characters.

THE RENOVATION OF ST. MARK'S, AT VENICE, which has caused so much controversy, is to be delayed for consideration, so the *Italian Times* tells us—thanks to the efforts of the artistic community. For a long time the most energetic protests appeared to fail; and, though the actual restoration works of the Cathedral were suspended, cleaning went on vigorously, and the effect on a portion of the Doge's Palace fully justified the fears expressed. Fresh efforts were then made, a Vigilance Committee was instituted to protect the old monuments, and the Ministry were appealed to, with the result that the works are to be stopped altogether while two committees deliberate on the matter.

AMERICAN ARCTIC EXPLORATION is not confined this summer to the Greely Search party, but an important expedition has set out with little notice from the public to thoroughly survey Alaska. The commander, Lieutenant Stoney, an energetic young Navy officer, when visiting Alaska last year, descended the Putnam River, and found every evidence of a huge stream navigable for large steamers, and which would open up a vast territory of the States at present completely unknown. Accordingly, a party has been sent off again this season in the schooner *Ounalaska*. Turning from the New World's Arctic territories to those of the Old World, fresh efforts to procure trade with Siberia are to be made this year, as two vessels will be sent from Archangel up the Rivers Yenisei and Petchora.

LONDON MORTALITY further declined last week, and 1,536 deaths were registered, against 1,586 during the previous seven days, a decrease of 50, being 12 below the average, and at the rate of 19.9 per 1,000. There were 30 deaths from small-pox (an increase of 11, and exceeding the weekly average by 3), 82 from measles (a fall of 11, but 36 above the average), 31 from scarlet fever (an increase of 7), 11 from diphtheria (a rise of 4), 107 from whooping-cough (a decline of 12), 1 from typhus fever, 11 from enteric fever (an increase of 3), 1 from an ill-defined form of fever, and 9 from diarrhoea and dysentery (a fall of 2). Deaths from diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 295, against 326 the previous week, being 10 below the average. Different forms of violence caused 51 deaths: 44 were the result of accident or negligence, among which were 12 from fractures and contusions, 5 from burns and scalds, 9 from drowning, and 14 of infants under one year of age from suffocation. There were 2,556 births registered against 2,811 during the previous week, being 3 above the average. The mean temperature of the air was 59 deg., and 6.5 deg. above the average.

THE VEXED QUESTION OF SUNDAY RECREATION FOR THE PEOPLE sorely troubles the orthodox mind just now. While Northern pulpits are protesting against the infraction of Sabbath observance across the Border caused by the Sunday Art Exhibition at Galashiels, which was opened again last week, and highly appreciated by numerous and most orderly visitors, Southern malcontents have petitioned the new Commandant at Portsmouth to forbid the Sunday public performances by military bands. Sir George Willis refuses, however, unless "it is proved to him that it is the predominant wish of those most concerned that the bands should not play." Now the Sunday Society plead for the Health Exhibition to be opened on one Sunday in each month, and a counter-petition has, of course, been set on foot. The Sunday Society's annual report, however, shows that public interest in the movement is greatly spreading, while museums, galleries, and libraries supported by taxation are now open on Sundays in twelve different localities, the Government being responsible for the opening in five of these cases. Since the last meeting of the Society the Newcastle Free Library and the Hastings Museum at Worcester have been opened to the public on Sundays.

THE "INDEPENDENT ARTISTS" EXHIBITION IN PARIS, which includes many of the rejected contributions to the Salon, has been opened, and has rather disappointed the public by its lack of eccentricities. There are a considerable number of pictures, mostly of mediocre quality, with some few so good as to challenge the taste of the Salon jury, but very few of those ludicrous productions belonging to the realistic school which formerly so much amused the Parisians. One of the most remarkable is a "Lion Hunt," sent by a famous sportsman, who is more apt with his rifle than his brush, judging by witty M. Clarétie's description of his gingerbread lion lurking in a dish of spinach with a bright red wafer of a sun setting in the distance. Between the Salon, the "Independents," and the Meissonnier Exhibition, which opened yesterday (Friday), and a host of minor displays, Parisian Art-lovers have their time full, and now the Industrial Art Exhibition opens in a few days in the Louvre, when the Crown diamonds are to be shown. Special precautions have been taken to secure the safety of the jewels, which will be closely guarded by police night and day, and placed in a steel fireproof safe, surrounded by an electric wire which, if touched, will give an alarm all over the building.





DESERTED!





THERE is little fresh from EGYPT. Nothing has been heard from General Gordon, whose latest telegram was dated April 9th, since which time no communication has been possible with Khartoum. Refugees who left the city previously continue to arrive at Dongola, which, according to the report of the Governor, is threatened by the rebels. He intends, nevertheless, to hold out, and has urgently requested the Government to send him arms and reinforcements. Doubts of his fidelity, however, are entertained in high quarters, and accordingly these have been refused, and he himself told that he should withdraw without delay. Meanwhile further detachments of troops are being sent southwards, and the 7th Battalion of Sir Evelyn Wood's army left Cairo for Assuan on Sunday. On their arrival a small force will be sent to Wadi Halfa. The rebels are making very decided progress down the river. Khalifa Pasha is holding Berber, but Abou Hamed has fallen, and the presence with the Mahdi's troops of Asziz Mohammed Abdulla, one of the most formidable military sheiks, is regarded as a proof that an advance in force is being made. It is asserted that Mr. Cuzzi, General Gordon's agent at Berber, has been captured by the Arabs while attempting to escape from Berber. At Suakim there has been a little brush with the rebels, who on Monday morning opened fire upon an unprotected portion of the island on the east. After a short fusillade, however, the assailants disappeared, so that when the British landed all was at an end. Colonel Chermide reports that the incident was of no importance, being occasioned by the friendly tribes endeavouring to recover their cattle, which had been looted by the rebels. The Egyptian troops appear to have behaved well during the affair, and to have remained at their posts.

In FRANCE the Chambers have reopened with a flourish of trumpets from M. Jules Ferry and his Ministers over the Tientsin Treaty. The Premier lost no time in reading the Convention to the House, and in giving a history of the negotiations. The initiative appears to have lain with the Chinese Government, which began by recalling the Marquis Tseng. The next step was the wish expressed by Li Hung Chang to see at Tientsin Captain Fournier, of the *Volta*, "with whom he had been for several years on friendly terms, in order to confer with him on the situation." The result of this meeting was the Treaty, the stipulations of which we gave last week. M. Ferry styled it a "preparatory Convention to be completed by further negotiations, but final in all its clauses." He paid a high compliment to Li Hung Chang, descanted on the superiority of a commercial alliance to a mere money indemnity, and wound up by declaring that "our moderation is frankly appreciated by European opinion," and by presenting the little bill for the expedition, 1,500,000. Another military vote to the amount of 200,000, was also demanded—this time for a prospective and not a retrospective expedition—that of Madagascar. Turning to home matters, the Government have not as yet given any sign of their Constitutional Revision scheme, which M. Ferry has promised to introduce in the course of a few days. It is understood, however, that the main provisions will relate to the mode of election of the Senate, to the abolition of Life Senators, to the right of the Chamber to have the last word in financial matters, and to the abolition of public prayers at the opening of the Session. Matters just now are wonderfully quiet in political circles, and although M. Clémenceau is organising a strong opposition which is likely to show its teeth ere long, M. Ferry has scored so well in Tonquin that his position is much firmer than a few weeks since. There is a tone of improvement also noticeable in the comments on England's Eastern policy and the forthcoming Egyptian Conference, though this is perhaps due to a feeling that the British Government intends to give in to French requirements, and reinstate France in her old position. Negotiations are being actively carried on between the British and French Governments, but as yet no one has been able to gauge the extent of Gallic demands or of British concessions.

In PARIS the sensation of the hour has been an action for separation against the well-known actress, Madame Schneider, by her husband, M. Bionne, whom she married some three years ago, and whom she recently quitted. He claims to be an Italian, and has already obtained a decree from a Florence tribunal, by whom Madame Schneider is ordered to pay him a monthly allowance. Another more agreeable theatrical item is the production at the Français of a really charming one-act comedy, *La Duchesse Martin*, by M. Henri Meilhac. Madame Sarah Bernhardt also has scored a great success as Lady Macbeth at the Porte St. Martin, where a French version of Shakespeare's great tragedy, by M. Jean Richepin, has been produced. On Wednesday a banquet was given to M. Bartholdi in honour of the completion of the colossal statue of Liberty, which is to be erected as a lighthouse in New York Harbour. In scientific circles much interest has been excited by a paper read by M. Pasteur before the Academy of Sciences, on his recent experimental studies on Hydrophobia, for which he now claims to have discovered a sure preventive—inoculation. By inoculating the virus into an ape, by which the poison is weakened, and into a rabbit, by which it is strengthened, he can obtain virus of any given power, and he finds by experiment that an animal inoculated with the virus is perfectly proof against the disease. Moreover, he claims by this method to check the effect of rabies on freshly-bitten animals.

The trial for high treason in GERMANY of the Prussian Captain Hentsch, and the Polish poet and novelist, Kraszewski, resulted in the condemnation of both the accused, the former being sentenced to nine years' penal servitude, and the latter to three and a half years' imprisonment in a fortress. Their guilt was clearly established, it being proved that Captain Hentsch received handsome fees for furnishing the French Government, through the agent Adler, with reports on the plans for the mobilisation of German troops, on military experiments which were being made, and on countless other matters. He had also offered, and in some cases furnished, valuable information to the Austrian and Russian Governments. The Reichstag has adjourned, after voting the Anti-Socialist Bill. The Emperor, whose health appears to be far from good, has not gone to Wiesbaden, as had been arranged. With regard to the alleged morganatic marriage of the Grand Duke of Hesse, it is stated that the Grand Duke has written to his Court Chamberlain, Major-General Westeweller, to announce that his union with Madame de Kolomine has been *de facto* dissolved, and that it will be soon legally so; and to request the Ministry of State to take the necessary steps for attaining this result.

Another theatre has been burned in AUSTRIA—the Stadt Theatre at Vienna—fortunately without loss of life. The cause is unknown, but it is said that the flames first broke out on the roof, where some carpenters had been at work. The Fire Brigade could do nothing, there was the usual conflict of authority between the firemen and the police, and the building was utterly destroyed. There is a general impression that the fire is due to incendiarism. The theatre held 2,600 persons, and was internally one of the most elegant and comfortable in Vienna. The only political item of interest has been the closing of the Hungarian Parliament on Tuesday by the Emperor-King in person. In his speech he recapitulated the various measures,

the passing of which has made the recent Session one of the most important on record. The chief interest to the outside world lies in the Acts which have been passed for the improvement of the financial administration. "The conversion of the Rente," he declared, "is so far advanced that the completion of the operation and the strengthening of the country's credit may speedily be hoped for. The re-establishment of the balance between the ordinary revenue and expenditure is a notable result, and, at the same time, a guarantee of the earnest determination of the nation to re-establish the ultimate balance between revenue and expenditure."

Another Royal speech of some import has been made in SPAIN by King Alphonso at the opening of the Cortes on Tuesday. The tone is hardly as eulogistic, as reference at length was made to the recent attempts at disturbance of the peace, and the manifest connection between the Spanish Anarchists and those of other countries. The Government, however, announced the King, does not intend to enact any law on the subject. He went on to dwell upon the cordial relations with the Holy See, the establishment of an Embassy in Germany, the conclusion of the negotiations with England and Germany relative to their acknowledgment of Spanish sovereignty over the Sooloo Islands, the conclusion of commercial treaties with Portugal, Holland, England, and Denmark, and the condition of the finances, which, he declared, was good, stating that the revenues had so increased that it is certain that before long a positive equilibrium will be completely established between the permanent expenditure and the ordinary revenue. Various military and administrative reforms were announced, and in a sentence of some significance the King warned the country that as the will of the nation alone is not sufficient to secure peace for an indefinite period, "it is only reasonable that we should be more prepared for defence than circumstances have permitted hitherto." Various meetings of the different parties have taken place at Madrid, one of the most important being that of the Conservatives, at which the Premier, Señor Canovas del Castillo, announced that the utmost severity would be exercised towards the enemies of the Spanish Throne. "Let it be known," he said, "that liberty exists in unison with the Monarchy. If you desire a Liberal Monarchy like that of England, give me a nation that respects laws like the British nation."

In INDIA the Ilbert Bill agitation having come to an end, a native movement is now being organised on the question of the age of competitors for the Civil Service, the maximum of which an agitator declares excludes "the children of the soil from all posts of trust and emolument in their own country." An interesting statement with regard to the monsoon has been published by Mr. Brandford, meteorological reporter to the Government. He states that the thickness and extent of the snow on the Himalayas in spring may serve as a trustworthy basis for a forecast of the summer's rain. Last winter the higher ranges of the Himalayas had a large, and in some places an unusually heavy, snowfall, and the snow-mantled area is more extensive than usual this year. If during the next two months there is no great addition to the snow-fields the monsoon will not be seriously prejudiced. Otherwise the rainfall will be dangerously deficient. The only political item on the frontier is the apparent beginning of the long threatened war between Nepal and Tibet. The Tibetans are stated to be moving upon the Nepal frontier in order to seize the stores which the Nepalese had been accumulating there. The latter, on their side, had despatched four regiments, some 2,000 troops, to the frontier under General Puddum Jung, son of Jung Bahadur.

The financial crisis in the UNITED STATES has been fortunately almost entirely confined to the Stock Exchange, and is now gradually subsiding. Numerous failures of important banks and the stock operators have resulted; but the prompt and energetic action of the Clearing House considerably eased the market, and, indeed, enabled the Metropolitan National Bank—one of the first which suspended payment—to resume business. The high rates offered for money also brought offers from England and all parts of the United States, and it was estimated that no less than 8,000,000, in money was sent to New York from outside sources. Mr. Vanderbilt, who is now in England, in speaking of the crisis, pronounces it to be the result of over-doing business. "Trust companies," he declared, "and other moneyed interests, had for a long time past loaned large amounts of surplus money to build railroads, float bonds, and other securities that were not needed by the country. The people in the United States have been for some years making money too fast. They have not stopped to see what value they were getting. But a large class in the community have, as a rule, and in many cases familiar to us all, made large amounts by placing on the market securities which in ordinary times would be considered worthless." He takes an optimistic view of the panic, and thinks that the result will benefit people by making them use more judgment in their investments, and learn to know the difference between good and bad undertakings. "I feel sure a sound recovery is not far ahead of us," he concludes. "It will surely come." Much regret is universally expressed at the death, at Genoa, of Mr. Samuel Ward, "Uncle Sam," who was almost as well known in England as in his native country.

In SOUTH AFRICA serious apprehensions are entertained with regard to Zululand. The Usutus, the adherents of the late King Cetewayo, have now broken out into open rebellion, and though Dabulamanzi was defeated in an encounter with Mr. Osborn's force on the 10th inst., the Resident has thought it prudent to return to Entumeni. A large force sent by Undabuko has attacked a number of the border watchers on the banks of the Umhlatosi, the latter body being completely cut off and their headman killed. The Reserve is threatened, and refugees are flying across the border, and across the Tugela. The Usutus are encouraged moreover by the action of the Boers in Central Zululand, and a body of 150 from the Transvaal have crossed into Zululand to assist Umyamama in this attack upon Usibepu. The *Times* correspondent, wiring from Durban, says, "The cry here is, 'What does the Imperial Government mean to do—to rule or retire?' Its present attitude certainly threatens to have disastrous consequences." There is a serious strike at the diamond fields, and on April 29th an affray took place, in which the leader of the strikers and five other white men were killed.

Of MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS the chief interest this week is felt in the action of the International African Association, which, after concluding a treaty with the United States on the broadest principles of Free Trade, has now made an engagement with France in which all allusion to Free Trade is carefully avoided, the chief stipulation being that in the event of the Association being unsuccessful, France should have the first refusal of purchase of their territory. Considering the value of the Congo region it is not surprising that both England and Germany are not inclined to endorse such an arrangement.—In BELGIUM the King and Queen of Holland have been visiting Brussels, where they have received the warmest possible official and popular welcome—though some dissatisfaction has been felt at the suppression of the national air, the "Brabançonne," during their visit.—RUSSIA has been chiefly occupied in the festivities attending the coming of age of the Czarevitch, which are described in another column.—In EASTERN ROUMELIA an agitation against the new Governor-General, M. Crestovitch, has already been set on foot, the promoters attributing the appointment to Russian influence.—In TURKEY a terrible fire has occurred at Bei Bazar, in the Province of Angora, which destroyed 950 houses, 544 warehouses and shops, eleven mosques, 15 schools, 9 khans, and 146 other buildings. Eleven persons lost their lives.



THE Queen has gone to Scotland on her usual spring visit. Before leaving Windsor Her Majesty spent a day with the Duchess of Albany at Claremont, while Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg again stayed with the Queen from Saturday till Monday. On Sunday Her Majesty and the Royal Family attended Divine Service in the Private Chapel, and next day the Queen held a Council, at which Lords Carlingford and Sydney and Mr. Gladstone were present. Her Majesty also received the new Speaker, who was sworn in a member of the Council, and gave audiences to Lord Carlingford, Mr. Gladstone, and the Duke of Buccleuch, the Duke delivering up the insignia of the Order of the Garter worn by his late father. The Bishops of Chester and Southwell did homage to the Queen on Tuesday, when Her Majesty knighted Messrs. James Allport, R. Dickeson, and F. W. Burton. Prince and Princess Leiningen arrived at the Castle in the morning, and Princess Christian lunched with the Royal party, while Princess Louise came down from town to dinner. On Wednesday Her Majesty received Lieutenant Munro, a sergeant, and eight privates of the Seaforth Highlanders, who had formed the carrying party at the funeral of the late Duke of Albany, and presented them with enamelled portraits of the late Duke, Lieutenant Munro receiving a memorial pin. The Duke of Edinburgh, the Grand Duke Paul of Russia, and the Princess Louise visited the Queen. In the afternoon Her Majesty and the Princess Beatrice visited the tomb of the late Duke of Albany in the Royal vault beneath the Albert Memorial Chapel, and subsequently drove to the Deanery. The Royal gathering broke up on Wednesday, when the Grand Duke of Hesse and Princess Elizabeth left the Castle for Sennicotts. The Queen and the Princess Beatrice were to leave Windsor on Thursday evening. To-day (Saturday) is the Queen's sixty-fifth birthday.

The Prince of Wales did not go to Royat so soon as expected, but remained in Paris until Saturday night, when he left, after dining with Lord Lyons. He will remain at Royat for another fortnight, and will then rejoin the Princess at Wiesbaden. Meanwhile the Princess and her daughters have concluded their visit to the Duchess of Cumberland at Gmunden, and are staying at Rumpenheim for the marriage of the Landgrave of Hesse's daughter, the Princess Elizabeth, with the Hereditary Prince of Anhalt. The wedding takes place next Monday at the Palace at Philippsthal, and the Duke of Cambridge and the Grand Duchess of Mecklenberg-Schwerin have left England to be present. The Prince and Princess of Wales return to England at the end of next month, when the Prince will preside at the dinner of the 10th Hussars on June 30, although he will be unable to attend most of the other regimental banquets. In August the Prince and Princess go to Scotland, and on August 29 or 30 will visit Aberdeen.

The infant daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh was christened at Eastwell Park on Saturday. Princess Beatrice stood sponsor to the child, who was named Beatrice Leopoldine Victoria. The Grand Duke Paul of Russia is now staying with his sister, the Duchess.—During Prince Christian's absence in Germany, the Princess is staying with the Duchess of Albany until after the Duchess's confinement, which is expected next month.—The Infanta Marie della Paz, sister of King Alphonso, and wife of Prince Ferdinand of Bavaria, is seriously ill in Madrid. The Infanta recently gave birth to a son, and has since been attacked by fever.—Prince Leopold of Saxe Coburg and Gotha died on Wednesday at Vienna, in his sixty-second year.



THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY has expressed his approval of public prayers for General Gordon by mentioning his name personally before the prayer for all conditions of men, or before the Litany. The adoption of this course, his Grace is of opinion, "seems to be wholly free from misconception on political or other grounds."

THE SEE OF RIPON has been offered to and accepted by the Rev. William Boyd Carpenter, Vicar of Christ Church, Lancaster Gate, and Canon of Windsor. Bishop Carpenter was born in 1841, and graduated at Cambridge as a senior optime. Ordained Deacon in 1864, he held several curacies before being instituted in 1870 to the Vicarage of St. James's, Holloway, from which he was transferred, in 1879, to Christ Church, Paddington. He has been Select Preacher and Hulsean Lecturer at Cambridge. The author of several devotional works, he has also contributed to Bishop Ellicott's "New Testament for English Readers." He is an Evangelical Churchman of broad sympathies.

THE NEW BISHOP OF RIPON is succeeded as Canon of Windsor by the Rev. Capel Cure, who, since 1876, has been Rector of St. George's, Hanover Square, to which he was transferred from the Rectory of St. George's, Bloomsbury.

THE REV. EDGAR SHEPPARD, who succeeds the late Dr. Garden as Sub-Dean of the Chapels Royal, has been successively Minor Canon of Gloucester and of the Royal Chapel at St. George's at Windsor. As he is a skilled musician an improvement in the musical element of the services of the Chapels Royal is anticipated.

THE REV. M. CREIGHTON has been appointed to the recently-founded Dixie Professorship of Ecclesiastical History at Oxford. He is known as the author of a "Life of Simon de Montfort," of a work on "The Tudors and the Reformation," and of a "History of the Papacy During the Period of the Reformation."

THERE was a threefold celebration in London, on Wednesday, of the quincentenary of the death of Wycliffe. In the morning the Bishop of Liverpool preached an appropriate sermon in the Church of St. Andrew by the Wardrobe, and St. Ann, Blackfriars, near the scene of the condemnation of Wycliffe's writings in 1382. In the afternoon a numerous-attended Conference in the Egyptian Hall was addressed by the Lord Mayor, Professor Montague Burrows, Canon Girdlestone, Principal of Wycliffe Hall, Oxford, and others. An evening meeting in Exeter Hall was presided over by Lord Shaftesbury, who, referring to Wycliffe's designation as "The Morning Star of the Reformation," asked whether we had come to its sunset—a question which was responded to with a cry of "No."

AT THE ANNUAL MEETING, presided over by the Lord Mayor, of the East London Church Fund, founded in 1880 by the Bishop of Bedford, the report presented stated that the area included in the operations of the Fund contained a population of nearly a million. Since 1880 the number of clergymen in this area had been raised by the Fund from 185 to 233. Nine thousand pounds per annum was needed to maintain the work already undertaken; but last year the receipts were little more than 7,000. Besides the Lord Mayor, the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London spoke







### COMING OF AGE OF THE CZAREVITCH

By Russian law, a youth attains his majority at the age of sixteen. On Sunday last, May 18th, this important anniversary was attained by the eldest son of the Czar, and the day was observed as a great holiday throughout the Empire.

His father, who is now the Emperor, but who was at that time the Czarevitch, was married on November 9th, 1866, to the Princess Dagmar, daughter of the King of Denmark, and sister of our Princess of Wales. According to Russian custom, this lady, upon her marriage, was renamed Marie Feodorovna. Her eldest son, the Hereditary Grand Duke Nicholas Alexandrovitch, was born at St. Petersburg, May 18th, 1868.

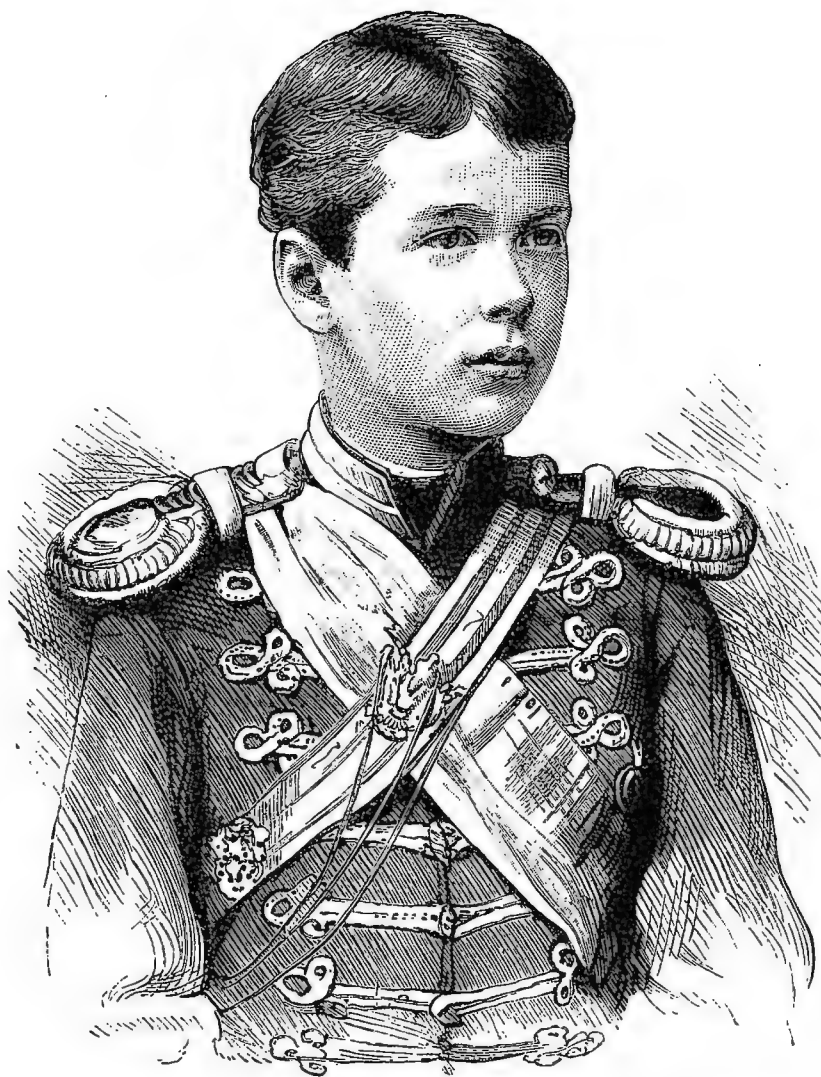
On Sunday last accordingly, in the presence of his parents, and of a distinguished assemblage of kinsfolk and diplomatists, the future Czar took the oath of allegiance and succession in the Winter Palace.

The Czarevitch wore the blue Cossack uniform of the Guard, as Hetman of all the Cossacks. He looked very young and small to be the principal personage in such a ceremony, but he has a bright, intelligent face, and is very like his mother. Most of the members of the Romanoff family being tall and stalwart, his short stature appears exceptional.

In the church he boldly walked up alone to the altar, and, holding up his right hand over the bejewelled Bible and golden cross, repeated audibly and firmly, after the priest, the form of oath, beginning: "In the name of the Almighty and upon His Holy Word, I swear and promise to serve well and truly His Imperial Majesty, my all-gracious parent," and ending "My heart be in Thy hands, Lord. Amen!"

Then, aided by M. de Giers, the Foreign Minister, the Czarevitch attached his signature to the oath, after which the Emperor and Empress and the Queen of Greece stooped down and kissed him as he again took his stand by them to hear the *Te Deum* which followed, accompanied by a salvo of 300 guns from the fortress.

After this the military formula of allegiance took place in the Throne Room. The Emperor mounted the throne, with the regalia on his right hand; detach-



THE HEREDITARY GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS ALEXANDROVITCH  
OF RUSSIA, CZAREVITCH  
WHO HAS JUST ATTAINED HIS MAJORITY

ments of troops defiled before him, presenting arms, and uncovering in prayer; while finally the Czarevitch recited the military oath, touching with one hand the standard of the Cossack Guard.

St. Petersburg was gaily decorated, and at night illuminated. There were also improvised theatres, popular games, and a flower show. Later, a sudden storm of wind and rain drove the sight-seers indoors.

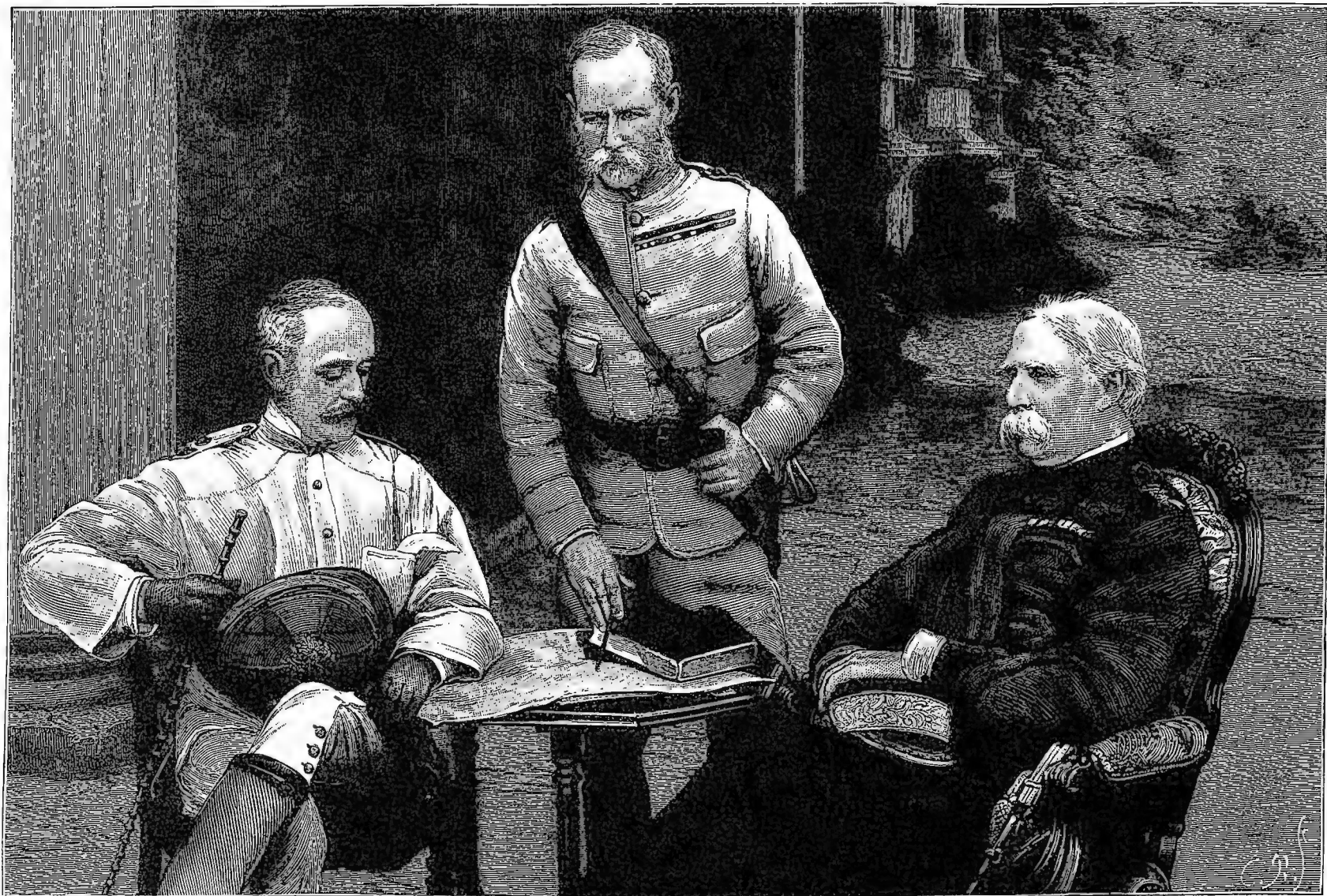
Prince William of Prussia, the eldest son of the Crown Prince of Germany, was present during the ceremonies, and was warmly received both by Court and people. The Czar appointed him Honorary Colonel of an infantry regiment.—Our portrait is from a photograph.

### INDIAN COMMANDERS- IN-CHIEF

In January last a Camp of Exercise was held at Kristnarajpu, Bangalore, and, what is a very rare occurrence, the Chiefs of the three Indian Presidencies met together there. Mr. C. G. Brown, of Bangalore, made use of the opportunity to secure a photographic group of these three distinguished men, and from his picture our engraving is copied. We add a few words concerning their respective services.

General Sir Donald Martin Stewart, who was created a baronet in 1881, and who is also a G.C.B. and C.I.E., was born in 1822. He served through the Indian Mutiny; commanded the Bengal Brigade in the Abyssinian War of 1867-8; was chief commander of the Andaman and Nicobar Islands from 1869 to 1874; commanded the Lahore Division 1876-9, and the Candahar column in the Afghan Campaign of 1878-80, being present at the battle of Ahmedkhel; was Military Member of the Council of the Governor-General of India in 1880 and 1881; and finally in the latter year was appointed Commander-in-Chief in India. In 1847 he married Marina, daughter of Commander Dabine, R.N.

General the Hon. Arthur Edward Hardinge, son of that distinguished officer, the late Lord Hardinge, was born in 1828. He was aide-de-camp to his father during the Sutlej campaign. He afterwards served



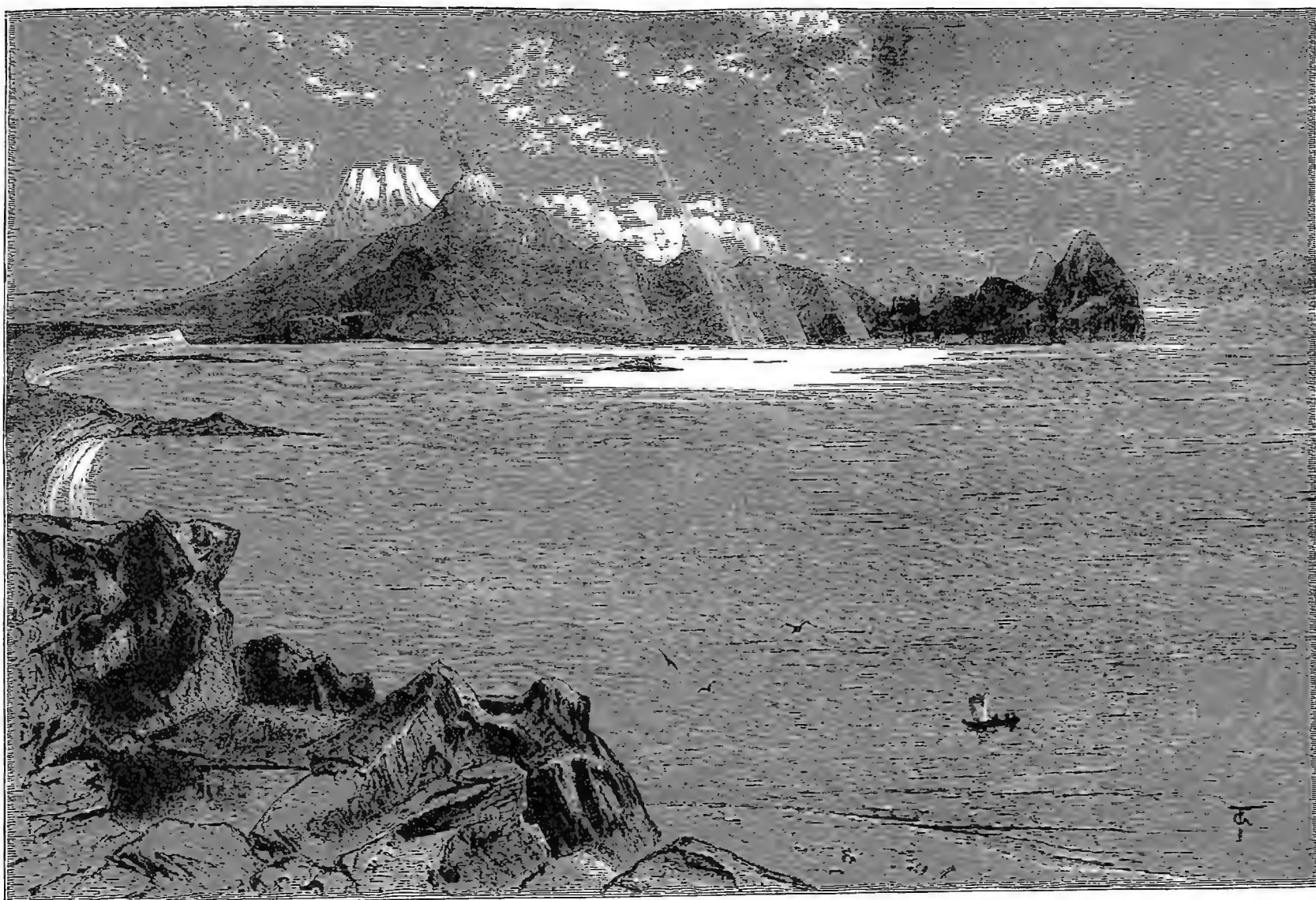
GENERAL THE HON. ARTHUR EDWARD HARDINGE,  
C.B., EQUERRY TO THE QUEEN  
Commander-in-Chief, Bombay Presidency

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR FREDERICK S. ROBERTS,  
BART., V.C., G.C.B., C.I.E.  
Commander-in-Chief, Madras Presidency

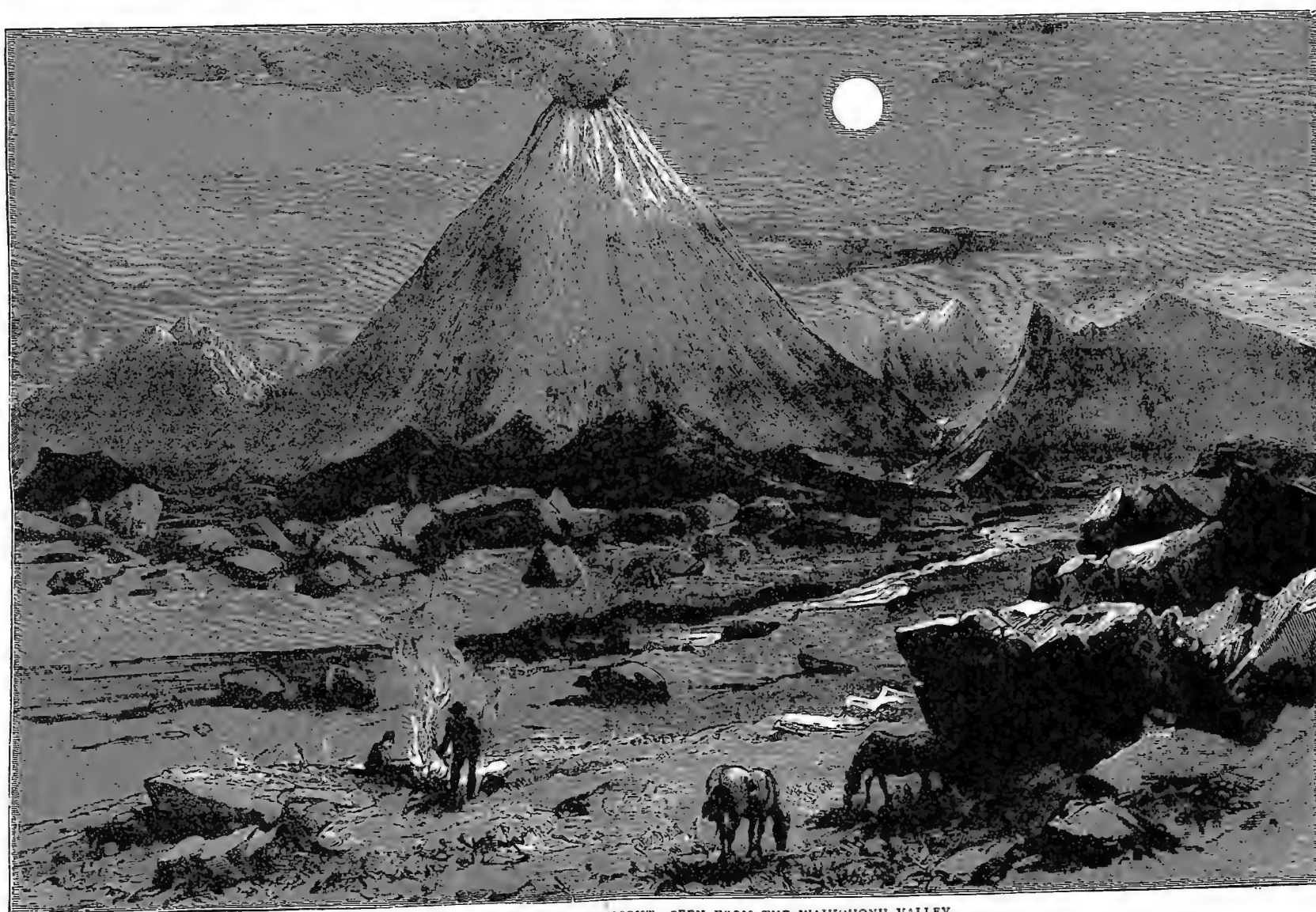
GENERAL SIR DONALD MARTIN STEWART, BART.,  
G.C.B., C.I.E.  
Commander-in-Chief, East Indies

A MEETING OF THE COMMANDERS-IN-CHIEF OF THE ARMY IN INDIA





LAKE TAUPO



MOUNT TONGARIRO BY MOONLIGHT—SEEN FROM THE WAIHOHONU VALLEY

EXPLORING IN THE KING COUNTRY, NORTH ISLAND, NEW ZEALAND—I.



in the Crimea and in Ireland. Between 1870 and 1878 he commanded the Meerut Division, and in 1881 was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Bombay Army. He was Equerry to Prince Albert and subsequently to the Queen, and is a C.B. In 1858 he married Mary, daughter of the Hon. Augustus Ellis. This lady was afterwards attached to the Princess of Wales's Household.

General Sir Frederick Sleight Roberts, son of Sir Abraham Roberts, G.C.B., who served with distinction through the first Afghan War, was born in 1832. He served through the Indian Mutiny, during which he was wounded, in the Abyssinian Campaign, and in the Looshai Expedition. During the Afghan Campaign of 1878-80 his name became a household word, especially on account of his gallant march from Cabul to Candahar. On two occasions he was thanked by Parliament. Sir Frederick is a baronet, a G.C.B., C.I.E., and V.C. In 1859 he married Nora-Henrietta, daughter of Captain John Bews, 73rd Regiment, by whom he has three surviving children.



IN converting Mr. Hugh Conway's popular novelette into a play, the author and his collaborator, Mr. Comyns Carr, have achieved a difficult task with remarkable success. *Called Back* was produced on Tuesday evening at the PRINCE'S Theatre, and though the piece as it stands trenches more closely on the domain of melodrama than on that of the comedies and lighter pieces to which Mr. Edgar Bruce's beautiful new theatre has been supposed to be destined, the audience received it with marked favour, and upon the fall of the curtain bestowed upon the principal performers, and lastly on the joint authors, quite an enthusiastic demonstration of satisfaction. The dramatists have gone to work with a skilful hand, and have introduced some changes both in the incidents themselves and in the order in which they are set forth, which are, on the whole, judicious. The notion of a blind gentleman wandering out alone, and stumbling by mere accident on a murder in a mysterious house, and a terrified heroine of whom he knows nothing, and is as yet destined to know nothing, is more fitted for narrative fiction than for dramatic treatment. Accordingly, the playwrights have established an antecedent bond of affection between Gilbert Vaughan and Pauline, so that the voice he hears is not a strange one to haunt him for many days, but the voice of the woman for whom he has already a strong passion. The circumstance that in the play he handles, not the body of the victim of Macari's dagger, but that of Pauline herself, who has fallen in a swoon to the ground, affects the very foundations of the tale; but the scene does not lose anything of its intensely dramatic character. It forms in the play the second tableau of the prologue; the subsequent three acts—each of which, except the last, is also in two tableaux—being devoted to the search for Pauline, the discovery of her loss of memory and strange mental condition, the unravelling of the causes of her malady, the detection of the falsity of Macari's slanders, and the final recovery of Pauline and union of the lovers. It cannot be said that these incidents form a plot interwoven with all the neat ingenuity which is desirable in a play. In this respect the piece is like most other dramas founded on a narrative tale. Its incidents, in fact, follow each other rather in the panoramic fashion permitted to the novelist. But the play undoubtedly awakens interest, and it abounds in situations which in themselves are strongly dramatic. When we add to this that the various scenes—the lodgings of Dr. Ceneri, the villa at Hampstead, with its garden, the garret of the Nihilistic conspirators in Soho, the Siberian prison scene, and the final villa on the Lake of Geneva—are very picturesque, and, what is more important, are genuinely illustrative of the play, we have gone far to explain its success. Nor is the acting without much that is worthy of praise. Miss Lingard plays the part of Pauline with a delicate appreciation of its subtler features, and with a tender simplicity almost without a trace of that somewhat too obvious art with which the performances of this actress have not unjustly been charged. Her handsome presence and strong individuality tend perhaps a little to overshadow her lover in the person of Mr. Kyrie Bellew, who is somewhat less effective in the part of Gilbert Vaughan than his admirers would expect. A more suggestive portrait of the villainous conspirator and traitor, Macari, than that which Mr. Beerbohm Tree presents could hardly be conceived; and Mr. Anson, though provided with a less picturesque part in Dr. Ceneri, plays with vigour and sincerity; while, in the Siberian prison scene, he moves the spectators, in spite of a rather tedious prolongation of the merely incidental matter of his sufferings and death. Mr. Leitchcourt's Arthur Kenyon, Miss Tilbury's Mary Vaughan, and Mr. Rodney's Anthony March are impersonations excellent in their way. It is a noteworthy, and we are inclined to think a promising circumstance, that the authors are sparing in what is known as "comic relief"—that is, in those scenes of broad comedy humour which are supposed to be necessary for the sake of contrast in plays of a somewhat sombre cast. If they had gone a step further, and dispensed altogether with their humorous illiterate domestic servant, there would have been little cause for regret.

Messrs. Farnie and Audran's popular comic opera, *La Mascotte*, was revived yesterday (Friday) evening at the ROYAL COMEDY Theatre, with a powerful cast, including Mr. Arthur Roberts, Mr. H. Walsham, Mr. L. Kelleher, and Miss Florence St. John.

*Fourteen Days* has been revived at the CRITERION in the place of *Brighton*. Mr. Charles Wyndham, we need hardly say, resumes his original part of Peregrine Porter. Some changes in the cast do not affect the genuine fun of this amusing production.

*The Upper Crust* now occupies the first half of the programme at TOOLE'S Theatre, Mr. Toole returning to the part of Burnaby Doublechick, the perplexed proprietor of the "Diaphanous Soap," with renewed zest. Combined with *Pau Clavodian*, Mr. Byron's comedy furnishes abundant entertainment.

*Play*, a now forgotten production of the late Mr. Robertson, is ere long to be revived at the COURT Theatre. It was brought out originally at the Prince of Wales's sixteen years ago, but with so little success that Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft were not encouraged to revive it.

A new piece, written by Miss May Holt, who enacts the part of the heroine, was played for the first time in London on Thursday afternoon at the VAUDEVILLE Theatre. It is a romantic drama, bearing the title of *False Pride*.

Pending the production of a dramatic version of *Adam Bede* at the HOLBORN Theatre, the management have revived the late Mr. Watts Phillips's *Amos Clarke*, a somewhat sombre but powerful drama. Mr. George Rignold plays his original part of Amos in a very impressive vein, and the play is altogether well worth seeing.

*The Private Secretary* has been transferred to the GLOBE Theatre. Mr. Beerbohm Tree's absence from the cast is in some degree atoned for by Mr. Penley's humorous performance of the part of the clerical tutor. The piece is well acted, and its genuine vivacity and comic invention are much relished by the audience.

Miss Kate Vaughan's appearance in the part of Hypolita in Colley Cibber's *She Would and She Would Not* has been postponed till June 5, when this and other entertainments will be given for the benefit of the popular actress of the PRINCE'S Theatre.

Mr. W. H. Griffith, the well-known acting manager of the PRINCE'S Theatre, will take his annual benefit at that house on the afternoon of Tuesday next, when a special performance of Mr. Burnand's popular comedy *The Colonel* will be given.

The GAIETY will remain closed for decorations and improvements until the French plays begin on the 9th of next month.

A new domestic drama, in four acts, entitled *Sister Grace*, will be produced shortly at a *matinée* at the PRINCE'S Theatre, probably on the 20th of June. The performance is for the benefit of the funds of the East London Hospital for Women and Children.



THE SEASON cannot claim praise for absolute geniality so long as east winds prevail; but although, during the past fortnight, it has often been cold enough out of the sun, still, on the whole, we have been enjoying a propitious May, favourable to agriculture generally. The winter wheat has been refreshed and nourished by a timely rainfall, and stimulated by midday sunshine, so that it has increased in height and improved in colour. Its promise at present is at least an average for the season. As to barley and oats, these cereals have come on surprisingly; while the pastures, which May found wearing a brown tint and unpromising appearance, already show an intense spring green, which looks like a good hay yield after all.

FARMERS are speaking far more hopefully now than they did at Easter; but they complain that market prices leave no profit on any articles save milk, poultry, eggs, and first-class butter. Ordinary butter has become a very bad speculation on farmers' part; while wheat at 8s. and barley and oats at 4s. under the decennial average are naturally unprofitable staples as things now stand. Beef and mutton, indeed, still command moderately high prices; but the rates of lean stock have advanced so seriously, owing to scarcity, that 8d. and even 9d. per pound for meat (wholesale price) leaves no profit for the grazier who had to buy at the high prices of the autumn.

THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY are preparing for a successful Exhibition at Shrewsbury. The Hereford cattle and Shropshire sheep are expected to be the grandest features of the display.

THE HIGHLAND SOCIETY'S CENTENARY SHOW is fixed for the last week in July, but entries of live stock close on the 4th of June. The Hundredth Show will be made of special attractiveness, and a Committee, headed by the Marquis of Lothian, has been appointed with an express view to arrange for a special centenary observance.

SCOTCH FARMING, like that of England, promises better results for 1884 now than it did at Easter. Potato planting, which has a very slow progress during April, has since May Day been completed throughout North Britain. The sowing of swedes and the clearing of land for yellow turnips is occupying farmers just now, and the weather has been very aidful of these operations. Weeds and grubs are very plentiful, but the growth of the cereals is so strong and vigorous that the weeds seem to be worsted in the simple contest for

the survival of the fittest. The grub may prove a more serious injury later on. The lambing season in Scotland has been exceptionally favourable. Ewes were usually very well wintered, and have a plentiful supply of milk for their young. The number of lambs lost since birth to the present date is singularly small.

**HORSES v. OXEN.**—It is strange that this old controversy should show signs of renewed liveliness at a time when residents beyond the counties of Sussex and Hampshire are scarcely aware that oxen are still used in England for ploughing purposes. The costliness of good farm horses, and the increased attention which seems likely to be given to cattle-keeping, probably accounts for the fact. Writing on the question, an Essex farmer adduces a very amusing argument. "Cattle," he says, "move much more slowly than horses; the man who tends the cattle or horses must needs move their pace, and to move with cattle instead of horses would soon produce slow-moving men, addicted to a lazy system of working." The question whether the extra cost of wages where cattle are used is balanced by the saleability of the used-up cattle as against the unsaleability of horses is hardly decided, though the balance of opinion appears to be against the cattle.

**NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.**—A pied flycatcher was seen on the 18th of May at Selkirk. Our readers will be glad to hear that the bird was not shot.—A correspondent who has had three badgers brought to him at Hythe, in Kent, within three months, says "the greater rarity of 'keepers' may account for the gradual increase of the numbers of this interesting beast."—A flight of storks has again been seen in Berkshire, near Newbury.—The swift arrived at Clifton on the 9th May, and at Ballina, in Ireland, on the 12th.—A correspondent of the *Daily News* has discovered some wild ducks in a rook's nest; the discovery of *canards*, however, is not confined to our contemporary.—The controversy as to "docking" horses continues to enliven the sporting press. It has been denied that a docked horse can get the reins under his tail, but this has been disproved by circumstantial accounts of driving horses having done so. It is, however, stated that he is far less likely to do so than a full-tailed one.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**—The Royal Agricultural Society have their annual excursion to the Woburn experimental field on June 5th.—The Birkenhead Show is fixed for June 18th, 19th, 20th.—Peterborough Show is fixed for the two latter days.—The Great Harwood Show is fixed for Whit Tuesday.—There will be a large Horse Show at Stockton on June 19th.—The Horse Show at Islington opens on Saturday week, the last day of May, and remains open for seven days.—It is stated that no fewer than ten men engaged in the tanning business at Bermondsey have died during the past two years of anthrax caught from the hides, and that nearly forty other men have been affected, although not fatally, by the same malady.



IN THE QUEEN'S BENCH DIVISION on Tuesday the well-known operatic singer, Signor Foli (an Irishman, it appeared, whose real name is Foley) sued Mr. Bradshaw for seriously injuring his eye in an assault on him with a stick. Mrs. Bradshaw, the mother of the defendant, having contradicted some statement made by the plaintiff's wife, Madame Foli, at a *table d'hôte* at Monte Carlo, Signor Foli took her to task. But there was a wide discrepancy in the versions of Signor Foli's language to and demeanour towards Mrs. Bradshaw given in the witness-box by himself and the lady. Mr. Bradshaw, acting on his mother's account of Signor Foli's conduct, ultimately sent him a challenge, and no notice of this having been taken he committed the assault, which was not denied. The jury gave a verdict for the plaintiff, damages 350s.

IN THE QUEEN'S BENCH DIVISION Mr. Justice Field, without a jury, has decided that Lord Greville was justified in not acting on an agreement to take a furnished house in Montague Square in which at the time of signing a child was ill with the measles, while its nurse asserted, in reply to a question from Lady Greville, who is the mother of several children, that nothing but "a slight cold" was the matter with it.

IN THE ACTION BROUGHT BY DR. JOHNSON, the Coroner of Canterbury, against the proprietor of the *Kentish Mercury* for an alleged libel on him in connection with his language and procedure in holding two inquests, Lord Coleridge's summing up was favourable to the defendant, and to a reasonable freedom on the part of the Press in its comments on public men. Nevertheless, the jury found for the plaintiff, damages 100s.

THE WANDSWORTH BOARD OF WORKS having appealed against a magisterial decision which affirmed the right of the Post Office to place overhead telegraph wires in their district, the Railway Commissioners gave judgment in favour of the Post Office. The judgment was based on the safety of the proposed wires, and on the great cost of laying them underground, as asked for by the Board. The Commissioners thought that overhead wires should not be put up except on conditions ensuring safety, and their judgment was accompanied by detailed instructions to secure that object.

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12 Dessert Spoons . . .	20 oz., 7s. od. . .	7 0 0
2 Gravy Spoons . . .	10 oz., 7s. od. . .	3 10 0
1 Soup Ladle . . .	9 oz., 7s. od. . .	3 3 0
12 Tea Spoons . . .	10 oz., 7s. 6d. . .	3 15 0
2 Sauce Ladles . . .	5 oz., 7s. 6d. . .	1 17 6
6 Egg Spoons . . .	. . . . .	2 2 0
4 Salt Spoons . . .	. . . . .	1 0 0
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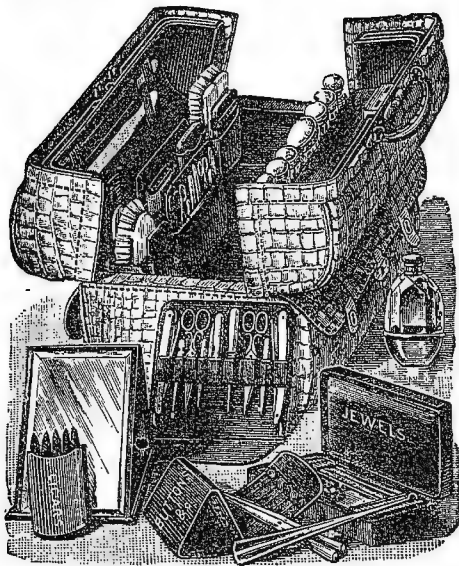
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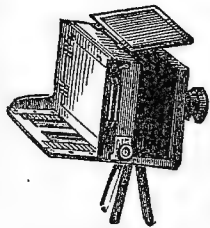


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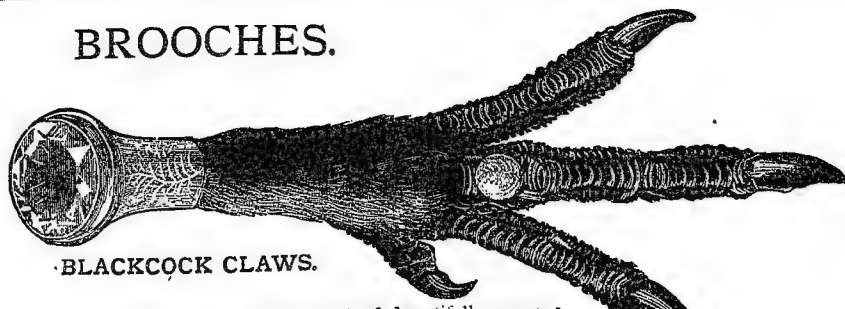
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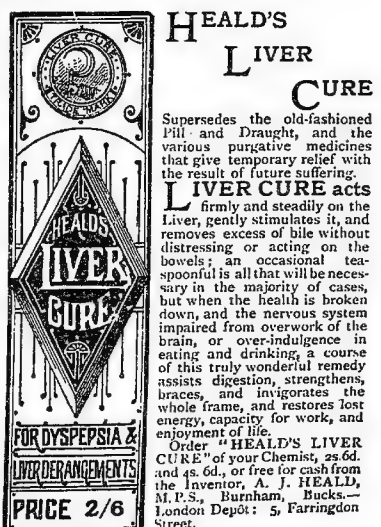
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## CHAPTER XXIX.

IN LONDON

In this way we came to town, where my first night was full of dreadful dreams, and my sleep troubled with the sight of the poor prisoners marching along the road amid the derision and the hootings of the mob. But at the end of the road there was a black scaffold and a gibbet beside it, with hanging ropes, a block, and a man with an axe ; and beside me stood no other than my maid, Jenny Lee, saying, as she pointed to Tom, "Great name ; great blame," as she had said on the Eve of St. John.

The place where I was lodged was in a street near Drury Lane, called Great Wyld Street, at the house of one John Purdy, a cousin of John Purdy, the Bamfborough blacksmith, himself born at Lucker, but come to London to seek his fortune in that trade, and knowing me very well when I was little. He was married to a buxom young London woman, and had a family of four or five children, being a thriving tradesman. His wife, a decent, kind-hearted body, though a stickler for the Protestant Succession, and of the Independent Sect, was curious at first to look upon the sister of the General Forster of whose doings every one had lately heard so much (the people, I know not why, called him the "Man under the Rose," and he was popularly supposed to be the chief mover and agent in the whole affair). "Sometimes," said Mr. Hilyard, "popular beliefs make History. Can it be that Catiline was only an instrument, and Spartacus a tool? Will his Honour, the dupe of crafty and designing men, go down to posterity as the fabricator of the whole business?"

In the morning the good woman made a hundred excuses to come into my room : she had a log of ship timber fresh come up from Deptford ; she would ask my pleasure concerning dinner and supper ; she could get me some fine fresh fish ; and always with something about the prisoners. " They were followed with shouting and curses," she said, in her desire to comfort me, " all through the town and as far as the Tower, where they have placed the Lords ; they sang songs running along beside them, and dangled warming-pans out of the windows. As for Lord Derwentwater, they say he is as handsome as the day, and never lowered his head or made the least sign that he heard a word ; he might have been going to his wedding instead of his death, the poor young gentleman ! As for the gentlemen, some of them are in Newgate. 'Tis a pity ! Mercy, they say, will be shown to none, but all will be hanged. Oh, dear ! Yes, hanged, drawn, and quartered, and their legs and heads set up on Temple Bar. A thousand pities, to be sure !"

It was cold comfort, indeed, that this good woman gave me. Her husband, however, was better. He came to offer me his best services, and if there was anything he could do for his Honour or for me to let him know; he said that, of course, he recognised Mr. Hilyard in his disguise as a countryman, for which he supposed there was good reason; but he was a North-countryman, and knew the respect due to the Forsters, and how to keep a quiet tongue in his head, especially where his wife was concerned.

Early next morning Mr. Hillyard himself came to see me. He was now transformed again, feeling as much pleasure in this, his second disguise, as a child feels in a new toy. He was, if you please, a Physician, with an immense great wig, a black coat, and sword, very grave, but with nose in the air; he rode in a hackney coach, because, he said, no one regardeth a physician who walks; besides, it was sixteen years and more since he had sat in a glass-coach. I do not know that there was any necessity for this careful disguise, seeing that no one in London knew him, and that all who were with him in the rebel army were dispersed or prisoners. But he thought so, and it gave him confidence. Besides, he felt himself a secret agent or officer of Lord Crewe, and therefore bound, I suppose, to spend his money. "My Lord Bishop," he said, "will approve of this disguise when he hears of it. Money cannot be better laid out than in artifices which prevent suspicion. Until our plan is completed and we are ready for action, we must lie quiet and snug, and take care to give no occasion for talk."

He then sat down and proceeded with his news. But first I remarked in him a great vivacity and air of enjoyment. He said that it was the noise of the London streets and the smell of the London air which raised and exhilarated his spirits, so that he felt an uncommon lightness of heart, although the circumstances of this return to his native air were so unhappy.

return to his native air were not far off. "And now," he said, "I must tell you that his Honour is lodged in Newgate, with seventy or eighty of the gentlemen, and the rest are in the Fleet and Marshalsea, except the Lords, who are all in the Tower. So much I learned in the coffee-house on Ludgate Hill, whither I repaired after buying these clothes at second-hand in the Minories. The talk is of nothing but the rebels and the prisoners. It is sixteen years and more since last I smelt the tobacco and the coffee. I hope you like this wig; it cost me three guineas, and was the property of a great Physician now deceased. All the talk, I say, is of the prisoners. They say the insults of the mob were incredible. The mob is now fired with a noble zeal for the Protestant Succession, and hath grown mighty pious. It is a religious error which is too hot to last, but may yet prove disastrous to our

friends. I have found a lodging in Great Queen Street, not far from here and convenient for Drury Lane Theatre, where I can lie snug. I have told the landlady, who is a respectable widow woman, that I am a Physician from the country, come to town on business. I have paid her a fortnight in advance to prevent questions being asked. And now comes another piece of news which will, indeed, astonish you. Last night I went to the theatre to divert myself."

"To divert yourself! Oh! Mr. Hilyard, did you come to

"Nay—nay—but, believe me, when nothing can be done, it is good to relieve the mind—we must not think of one thing only, or we might presently fall into a melancholy, a lethargy, and so be able to effect nothing. Consider, pray, how long and painful hath been the journey to London, and with what sad thoughts and gloomy forebodings we lengthened the miles. Believe me, Miss Dorothy, not for the pleasure of the acting did I go, but as medicine or physic to the soul."

He spoke so earnestly that one could not but forgive him. Besides, it was sixteen years since the poor man had seen the theatre.

"The piece was the *Cobbler of Preston*. But never mind the piece, although it was, for that matter, admirably played. Yet more fire might have been expressed by him who played—but, forget ; my news has nothing to do with the play. I would you had been in the house to see the brave show, the beaux and the modish ladies. I could have wept to think of the old times when I used to go there whenever I could find a sixpence for the gallery, or a shilling for the pit. The house was quite full, and the talk about nothing but the brave bearing of the prisoners. Mostly my Lord Derwentwater was commended, because of all he seems to have the poorest chance of escape. They have already begun to hang them in Liverpool it is said."

"But your news—your news, Mr. Hilyard!"

"It is that the principal female character was surprised—you will never guess! It was played—you were never so surprised in all your life—and played with so great a fire, such justness of gesture and looks, such perfect command of the part and knowledge of the lines as astonished me—by none other, if you please, than your own maid—Jenny Lee!"

"Why," I said, "I heard that she had joined the players. There is no reason, that I see, for surprise. She was a clever girl, and I hope she has remained good."

"Oh!" he said. "Are you not surprised? Should you wonder if I, beginning as a humble curate, were to become Archbishop of

if I, beginning as a humble curate, were to become Archbishop of



Canterbury? Or if a lad who sweeps out the chambers of a barrister were to become Lord Chancellor? Or if a drummer boy should grow to command the army? Yet, believe me, this is what Jenny Lee has done. Among actresses she is a Bishop, a General, a Lord Chancellor. Indeed she deserves her good fortune, if ever woman did."

"By reason of her good conduct?"

"Nay; what matters her conduct, good or bad? On the stage she is Calista, Almeria, Celinda, what you will; off the stage we have nothing to say or think of her any more than of any other woman. I meant that she hath become a most accomplished and wonderful actress. But this is not all. After the play was over I went to the stage-door, and begged that a letter might be taken to Mistress Lee from an old friend. It was but a line that I wrote, asking that an old friend from Northumberland might see her. Now be prepared for a new surprise. She came down in a few minutes, but knew me not, so that I had to whisper my name, and then, without saying a word, she took my hand and led me to her own coach. "Come," she said, "and have supper with me, and tell me all."

"Her own coach? Jenny Lee's coach?"

"Why, I said, did I not, that she is a Queen among actresses? Of course she has her coach and coachman too. She lives in Red Lion Square, a very convenient and fashionable part of town, though somewhat far from the theatre. I found in her lodgings no other person than Mr. Frank Radcliffe."

"I think," I said, "that a gentleman of his birth might be more choice in his company. Did he, too, go to the theatre, or to sup with a play-actress, to divert his mind?"

"But," he repeated, "she is a very great actress indeed. However, there is not much diversion for Mr. Frank. To begin with, I saw clearly that the poor young gentleman is melancholy mad in love with Jenny. She can do with him what she pleases. You remember the strange thing you saw at Dilston. She orders and he obeys. Yet he looks little like a lover, and is so worn and thin that you would not know him. He says that had he known of the Rising he would have hurried to the North to join his brother, but he had no hint or suspicion of it till too late. The poor young gentleman, with his hacking cough, would have been killed in a week. I told him that, so far as I could learn, the Earl had no hint or suspicion of it either, and that, for his own sake, his friends were well pleased that he had not joined that unfortunate enterprise. I then explained the cause of my coming to London and the manner, which greatly affected Jenny (whose heart, I am sure, is good, though she be an actress). She shed tears, and inquired if in any way she might help us in our business."

"Why," I said, "the Forsters must be sunk low, indeed, if they must stoop to seek the aid of an actress who was once a servant maid."

Mr. Hilyard replied nothing.

"To be sure," I went on, "you yourself seem infatuated with the girl. Is it not intolerable that she should steal away the senses of a young gentleman with her sorceries? And you would have me, her former mistress, go to her for counsel and aid?"

"Forgive me," he replied, humbly. "As for her sorceries, I doubt if they are now, whatever they were once, other than any woman can exercise with black eyes and pretty face, and such a wit as Jenny hath. 'Tis true she was your maid; but she is so no longer. All things must have a beginning. Why, I was myself but the son of a vintner, and have, if the truth be told, sat at the spigot when a boy and filled the measures. Yet was I thought worthy to be enrolled among the gentlemen volunteers, and to fight beside Lord Derwentwater at Preston. Jenny was once your maid; but she is now a great and wonderful actress."

"Say no more of her, Mr. Hilyard," I replied.

"Alas!" he said, "will the day ever come when ladies will look upon actors as they have long since looked upon painters and poets, and hold them in equal honour? But fear not, Miss Dorothy; Jenny, poor girl, shall not, as she desires, pay her respects to you. Yet she wept, thinking of your kindness towards her."

He forbore at the time to tell me more, but afterwards I learned what passed. It seems that, like Mrs. Bracegirdle, Mrs. Oldfield, and other great actresses, Jenny was continually besieged by troops of lovers and gallants, who swarmed after her like flies in August. I do not know what magic charm there is in her profession and calling which causeth men to run after an actress: but this I am assured is the case with all of them who are young and pretty. Among Jenny's courtiers were some of rank and high in office, whose names (though I learned them) must not be mentioned here. But she would have nothing to say to any of them, being resolved upon nothing less than marrying Frank Radcliffe, who loved her with a kind of madness, and on keeping her reputation unspotted for him. Because she was an actress, there were stories told about her, and, if these were true (but they were not) she must have been the worst of women. She promised Mr. Hilyard at that supper that she would consider, from her knowledge of the town, what was best to be done, and how she should work, among those great gentlemen who dangled after her, for Mr. Forster. As for the Earl, he, she said, was altogether game too high for her: he would command a host of friends, and it depended on nothing but the King's clemency or his revenge, but, as for a plain country gentleman, why, perhaps—she could not say—and he was the General, which made it difficult—but she would consult with a certain great man about the Court. All this from an actress and a gipsy girl, who had been my maid! But strange things happen still in London! All this she would do, and more if she could, for Miss Dorothy's sake, and for no other's; unless it might be for Mr. Hilyard himself, who first taught her to act.

"Her supper was noble," Mr. Hilyard continued. "After the meals we have taken on the road, it was a Feast of Belshazzar. But Mr. Frank touched nothing, coughing grievously. After supper we had whisky punch, the first I have tasted since we left the North. Alas! shall I ever drink it again with his Honour in the Manor House?" Here his eyes overflowed. "It cannot be but we will somehow get him off—either by interest or else by the golden key."

I confess that I was at first humiliated and shamed at the thought of owing anything to the back-stairs influence of Jenny Lee, and I rejoice still to think that in the end it was not needed. I do not share Mr. Hilyard's admiration of the actor's art, nor do I find anything admirable, unless shamelessness be admirable, in standing up before a thousand people to recite verses, dressed up in a gilt crown and a silk gown. But I was sorry to hear the bad news concerning Frank Radcliffe, whom I resolved upon seeing as soon as possible. Meantime, for a few days, nothing could be done. Mr. Hilyard said, except to seek out such friends as might help us. Now, so unhappy were we, that of all our friends and cousins—who are Legion—there was not one who was on the other side, excepting only Lady Cowper.

In the afternoon of that day, Mr. Hilyard took me abroad, to see some of the sights of London. First, he led me to Drury Lane, where he pointed out the great theatre, the house where Nell Gwynne lived, the place where Princess Elizabeth had her Palace, and many other curious places. Through by-lanes and narrow passages filled with shops and people he next led me into the Strand, which is truly a wonderful thoroughfare, with on the South side, Somerset House and the site of the old Savoy (now in ruins), Buckingham House, Northumberland House, and many others. The day was very cold, but the ladies were abroad, some in coaches and some walking, the latter mostly attended by gentlemen. Then Mr. Hilyard showed me the Park and Spring Gardens,

but I cannot understand how any can call them beautiful. Perhaps, when the leaves are on the trees, the long straight alleys may look well. "You should see them," said my guide, "in June, when the trees are green, and beneath the trees the fine ladies and the beaux. That is, indeed, a sight to make one dream of Heaven."

From the Park, he led me to Westminster Abbey. Here, as the day was growing dark, we wandered in the dim and awful twilight among the monuments, while our footsteps echoed in the lofty roof, and our voices resounded over-head in gentle thunder.

"It is a place for prayer and meditation," I said. "Surely in so great a city there must be many unhappy."

"I doubt it not," replied Mr. Hilyard. "The city hath thousands of poor wretches."

"Do they come here," I asked, "to pray and repent?"

He shook his head. "The Church of England," he replied, "keeps these great cathedrals for the spiritual benefit of the better sort. For the baser kind, and to further and encourage their prayers and repentance, there are mercifully provided the whipping post, the pillory, Bridewell, where the lash is not spared, and Newgate, with its gaol fever, its chains, its greedy warders, and the Reverend Ordinary who also goeth in the cart to Tyburn with those who are to be hanged."

Let me here set down a strange thing, which I thought a freak of Mr. Hilyard; yet consented, because one would not throw away a chance, and, in the long run, it helped me much, and perhaps assured me safety, as you will hear.

He was always full of mystery about his plans, sometimes throwing out hints of an armed rescue by means of a Jacobite mob; and at other times dwelling on the necessity of caution, and secret corruption of persons in trust. Once, I remember, he proposed seriously a forged pardon and order from the King to let Mr. Forster go free. "If," he said, "it was a tragedy we were writing, I should say that no better plot could be devised than the escape of the prisoner, on the morning of his execution, by means of a forged pardon. But I doubt whether the difficulty of deceiving the Governor, and the uncertainty as to the proper form of signature—whether paper or parchment, how to be worded, how sent to the prison—would not prove fatal to the design."

And so with many other notable designs.

One day, however, he informed me that he had considered the subject carefully, and was of opinion that steps should be taken to throw suspicion, after the escape, in a false direction; that he had already learned, from a certain source, of a sea captain of Wapping, reported to be an extraordinary villain and most treacherous dog, making it his practice to bargain with gentlemen, highwaymen, cut-throats, and others, who might desire to change their native air for that of France, for their conveyance across the water; and, having gotten their money, to betray them for more pay—if he could get it—to the messengers and officers.

"What," I asked, "had we to do with such a desperate villain as this?"

"Why," said Mr. Hilyard. "Remember that we know not when we may make our attempt. We will go to him, the first thing; we will open the business, naming no names; we will prepare him, beforehand, to expect a great personage."

I could not understand why. If the man was a villain, why not go to an honest man, who would truly serve us?

"Because," he said, "when the time comes, they will be warned by the rogue, and so will first look for our prisoner at Wapping. This will give us time to escape elsewhere."

"As for my plans," he went on, "they are not perfected; nor can they be until I have seen his Honour and inspected the ground. But we cannot begin too soon, nor can we neglect the least precaution."

I knew nothing, as yet, of his plans; because, as I have already said, what he had opened to me seemed like the foolish story of a play. However, I listened to him in the matter of this Wapping journey (which, although such as would only be thought of by one who had read many plays, turned out, in the long-run, useful), and we rode thither in a coach. I dressed in my best, concerning which Mr. Hilyard was very particular, wishing the fellow we had to do with to take me for a lady of the highest quality.

We came, after a long drive through streets more crowded and noisy, and with more tumult, fighting, and blasphemy, than I could have believed possible, to the river bank, to a place called Wapping Old Stairs, where we left the coach and took boat (if the people in the streets swore horribly, those on the river swore much worse), and were rowed to a small vessel moored in the middle of the stream. The Captain, who was on deck, had a chair rigged to a yard and lowered for me, while Mr. Hilyard clambered up the ladder. A most sinister and evil-looking villain he was, with a great scar across his face; but he bowed, and tried to smile and to look loyal and faithful. Judas himself, or Mr. Patten, had not a more forbidding countenance.

"Here is the lady, Captain," said Mr. Hilyard; "and, not to beat about the bush, seeing that we are all honest people here, and of the right sort—"

"Truly," said the Captain, with a most forbidding grin, "of the right sort."

"Let us come to the point. We will say that her Ladyship hath a husband, brother, father, or lover, anxious, for reasons of his own, to change the air. As for his Lordship's—I mean his Honour's—name, it matters not. The question is, first, for how much you will take this gentleman abroad and land him on the coast of France?"

"I will take him, because of his opinions," said the honourable Captain, "for a hundred and fifty guineas."

Heavens! what a price for taking a gentleman across the Channel!

"Captain," said Mr. Hilyard, "your hand upon it. It is a cheap bargain. This, your Ladyship," turning to me, "is a man of honour. Of that I am informed by friends in whom I can trust. We may rely upon him. It may be a month, or even more, before we are ready. But here is our man."

The Captain protested that all the world knew him for a man of honour; but that, as for waiting, he should require ten guineas a week for keeping the hoy in readiness.

"You shall have it, Captain," said Mr. Hilyard readily. "You shall have it. A moderate sum, indeed, for such a man as yourself. But you must be always aboard, for we may drop down at any hour of the day or night."

"He is Judas Iscariot the Second; or perhaps his great-grandson," said Mr. Hilyard when we were ashore. "We can go home again, remembering that this villain will presently make another bargain for his own advantage, by which he hopes when he has secured his money from the escaping prisoner, to get a second and perhaps a higher price."

"How will it serve us?"

"In this way, that they will first look for his Honour when we have got him out at Wapping, which will give us time."

This seemed very ingenious; but, meanwhile, how was he to be got out? And here Mr. Hilyard could only talk about his plans, which were as yet, he said, only half-hatched; but he thought of nothing else day or night, and went each evening, in order to seek inspiration, to the theatre. I blamed him not. It was my brother, not he, who was in Newgate; and surely no one could have been more generous and faithful than he during all that long and terrible ride to London.

## CHAPTER XXX.

LADY COWPER

LORD COWPER's great town house was in Lincoln's Inn Fields, at the north-west corner. I went in the morning, hoping to find there my cousin (who was now a Lady of the Chamber to the Princess of Wales) free from visitors, and more open to hear my case: and by the advice of Mr. Hilyard, who accompanied me, we hired a glass-coach for the visit, so that the impudent lacqueys and footmen should not fail to pay us the respect which they withhold whenever the outward appearance of a visitor doth not proclaim his Quality and Rank. Certainly, I think these London varlets are a disgrace to the manners of the City. It matters little what such gentry think of one; but it was of great importance not to be thrust aside and kept waiting in the hall among the jeers and ribaldry of these people who are thus badly behaved, because their masters do not correct them as they should. Never were any stable-boys, for instance, better mannered than Tom's, because he always went among them, as he went among his dogs, whip in hand.

There was a little crowd about the door, consisting partly of tradesmen waiting to see the housekeeper or her Ladyship, partly of footmen in livery, and partly of persons, perhaps gentlemen, looking for the most part anxious and decayed, waiting to present petitions, or to have audience of the Lord Chancellor. Mr. Hilyard left me in the coach and conversed for a few minutes with a great, insolent-looking fellow in my Lord's livery. I saw him put money (it was a whole guinea) into the man's hand. "Tell my Lady," he said, "her cousin desires to have speech with her." Upon this the man went away, but presently returned, and Mr. Hilyard informed me that her Ladyship would see her cousin.

It was still so early that Lady Cowper was sitting in her breakfast room, three children playing round her on the floor. I desire before everything else to testify that, though my cousin, Lady Cowper, was the wife of a great Whig Lord and Minister of State, nothing could have been kinder than her reception of me, whose brother she could not but regard as a principal cause of all the trouble; and nothing more friendly than her continued interest in my case, and thoughtful advice. At this time she was about thirty years of age, having been born at Chipwell, in Durham, in the year 1685, and was married in 1706 to Lord Cowper, then Keeper of the Great Seals (she died seven years later of a broken heart, three months after her husband, and is now, I cannot doubt, having been so good a woman, far happier than she ever hoped to be). This virtuous and amiable woman showed in her lovely face the virtues and graces with which she was so bountifully endowed. Her features were straight and regular; her eyes full and soft—my own still shed tears even to think of her. When I entered the room she rose and came to meet me.

"Cousin!" she said, giving me both her hands, "I have not learned your name, but I give you welcome. Sit down and tell me what is your trouble—you have great trouble written on your face, my dear—and how I can best help you."

But at these kind words—almost the first I had heard since the trouble began—my courage gave way, and I fell into a passion of crying and sobbing. Yet I had not cried once, except with my Lord Crewe, since Mr. Hilyard brought me the dreadful news. She took my hands in hers and kissed me, crying with me, I think.

"Tell me, my dear," she said presently, "tell me, if you can, who you are."

"Alas!" I replied, "I am Dorothy Forster."

"What?" she said, her eyes full of compassion. "You are my beautiful cousin Dorothy? My dear, I have heard of you: like poor Lady Crewe, whom this trouble has killed, you could find no one good enough for you in the North, and must needs wait for a Prince. My poor child! I cannot say that I am glad to see you, for, indeed, this is a most grievous and terrible business. Yet, try to keep up your heart while we consider what may be done. In the first place, there is no hurry, we have time before us: my Lord says that the trials of the Peers are certain to come first, but we cannot tell when they will come on. As for your brother Tom—I have seen him, and I wished him to come here often, but he would never pay his court to ladies, and preferred his Jacobite coffee-house—if he were tried to-day or to-morrow, in the present temper of the Court and the town, there can be no doubt of the sentence. You will gain by waiting. But, oh! my dear, consider his offence. He was the General of the English Forces. He is not an ordinary rebel. He is as bad as the Earl of Mar or Lord Kenmore. Do not suffer him to be hopeful, but rather let him prepare for the worst. And do you, Dorothy, work your best for him meanwhile."

Then she asked me where I was lodging, and promised to procure for me, if she could, an order to see Tom, in Newgate; all visitors, except such as had permission, being as yet refused admission, but this restriction was speedily broken through in favour of those who had money, wherewith to bribe the officers of the Prison.

"I know not," she went on, "what may be the mind of the King, but I am very sure that the Ministers will desire that the examples shall be as few as possible. Why, why did not Tom Forster follow the example of so many others and escape by the way?"

I knew not that any escaped on the way.

"I suppose," I replied, "that his honour was concerned. Others might run away, but not the General who surrendered."

"Nay, but the King's honour is not concerned in granting a pardon to the leaders. Yet it is early to talk of these things. Now, child, come to see me often: this week I am in waiting: I have told the Princess already that poor Tom is my cousin; but of course she can do nothing—yet. My dear, he should have escaped. Oh! they should all have escaped! I have no patience with such punctilio on the part of men who led so crazy an enterprise. Why, if the threatened end were not so terrible, they would all be the laughing-stock of the country. Dorothy, my dear Dorothy, why did you let them do it?"

"Indeed," I said, "we believed what we were told: and, alas! the women were worse than the men: we were told—Colonel Oxbrough and Captain Gascoigne said so—that the whole country was with us: the army would mutiny: the people would rally round us—what did they not say?"

"As for these agitators, at least," said Lady Cowper, gravely, "I trust that full justice will be done."

"Yet all the way to London," I told her, "we heard nothing but curses on the Prince and all his party, and the Pope. Not once in all that long ride did we find a man who prayed for his return."

Then she asked me how I came to London, and when she heard that it was on horseback, through all the dreadful weather, she threw up her hands in wonder. "Is there any," she cried, "but a brave Northumberland girl who would take such a ride? But, who came with you, Dorothy?"

Should I tell? Yet I knew she would not betray me.

"My brother's Steward; formerly his Tutor—Mr. Hilyard. Oh! Lady Cowper, hush! let me whisper. He, too, was with them, but he escaped. To bring me to London he dressed himself like a blacksmith, and me like a country-wench. Now he waits for me at your door, disguised as a grave Physician. I have placed his life in your hands! But, without him, I am helpless indeed."

"His life is safe, with me, my child, but I would willingly converse with a rebel who thus puts his head in the lion's mouth." She rang a hand-bell, and ordered a footman to bring to her the gentleman who was waiting for me.

Mr. Hilyard came, wearing a face of the greatest importance and learning.



"Pray, Sir," said Lady Cowper, "pardon me. I am anxious concerning my cousin's health. She hath suffered great weariness of body and trouble of mind of late. Your learned counsel, I trust, will not be wanting in the case. You are doubtless a Member of the College of Physicians."

"I had the honour of studying medicine, my lady, at the renowned University of Leyden"—he replied, without a blush, though the falsehood was so great.

"Would you be willing to take counsel with my own physician? I find my cousin's cheek pale, and her colour comes and goes. These are signs which should not be neglected."

"Most willingly, Madam, will I consult with your physician. But your ladyship need be under no pain in Miss Dorothy's case. She suffers from that complaint for which the ancients did worship Angerona Dea, *videlicet*, Fear; but in her case it is fear on account of others. It is a disorder which affects the brains only of the more noble (the Muses, for example, are said to be melancholy because their followers are poor). For the remedy of this disorder there is, first, the removal of the cause, so that the liberation of his Honour, Mr. Thomas Forster the Younger, and that of the Earl of Derwentwater, will, I pledge my professional skill, leave this lady as comely of face and as cheerful of aspect as before. But if that may not yet be done I would prescribe Hope, the Promise of her friends to help, daily Prayer, and certain Precepts of Philosophy, with the use of herbs such as betony, a sprig of marigold always in her broth, and the flowers of *Carduus benedictus*. Other simples there are, with which I will not weary your Ladyship."

"Indeed, Sir, my cousin is fortunate in having so learned a physician."

She smiled as she said this, but Mr. Hilyard bowed low, puffing out his cheeks, and looking so learned and skilful a physician that even I was almost deceived.

Then she dismissed me, promising faithfully to keep my case in mind, and to say what she could to help.

"Do not forget, however," she added, "that I have the chief of my own family, Mr. Clavering of Callalee, in Newgate, with many other friends and cousins. To think that the poor old gentleman, now over seventy, should have thought to take up arms. Yet, like Tom Forster and all the rest, his estates are almost ruined by free hospitality and feasting. Yes, I know, Lady Crewe would have given all back to Tom, and so the Forsters of Bamborough might have begun again in greater wealth and state than before. It was her dream, poor lady; and foolish Tom must needs break it to pieces and kill the dreamer. Why? I know not, except that he hoped to repair his fortunes by another and a quicker way, yet full of danger. Well; drink, feasting, horse-racing, and sport have ruined more Northumberland gentlemen of late than all the Scots across the Border in the good old days. Farewell, brave child! We must do our best to remove the cause, most learned Sir, of my cousin's sick looks, and then we shall want neither betony, nor marigold, nor—the other remedy—what was it?"

"That most noble and sovereign herb, my lady, called *Benedictus carduus*."

(To be continued)



To the literature of travel Mr. Robert Crawford, M.A., Professor of Civil Engineering in the University of Dublin, makes a valuable contribution in "Across the Pampas and the Andes" (Longmans). Mr. Crawford was employed by the Argentine Government to survey the ground for a Transandine Railway from Buenos Ayres to Valparaiso. He had a large staff of engineers under him; but in consequence of the lawlessness of the Pampas, and the dangers arising out of frequent Indian raids, all his movements were guarded by a numerous escort of troops. The journey across the South American continent was not unattended with adventure, and the narrative is also made bright by descriptions of the Indians, of the Gauchos, of sport in the Andes and on the plains. An appendix, which has been manifestly put together with care and accuracy, will be useful to those having any practical concern with the industrial future of the River Plate. The book, moreover, is adorned with illustrations which shed light on the incidents of the journey, and some of which are from Mr. Crawford's pencil. It is evident that the author went through not a few hardships to gather the experience and knowledge set forth in this valuable work. One astonishing fact, at least to some people, which is emphasised by Mr. Crawford, is that the Indians of the Pampas more than hold their own in the struggle in the interior with the troops of the Republic of the River Plate.

Not a few books have recently appeared about the countries of the Mediterranean, and in "Fair Italy: The Riviera and Monte Carlo," by W. Cope Devereux, R.N. (Kegan Paul and Co.), we have a readable addition to this class of literature. Mr. and Mrs. Cope-Devereux left England to spend their Christmas in the South, and travelled by way of the Riviera, Genoa, Pisa, Leghorn, Rome, and Naples, to Malta, and then back through Sicily. After a short stay in London they visited again Venice and Milan. The author makes no pretensions to an ambitious literary style, but he writes pleasantly about things that interest the public generally. Indeed, he seems to have quite a remarkable knack of hitting upon the right subject. Consequently whether he is denouncing the gambling iniquities of Monte Carlo, or describing Palermo in the light of its connection with Garibaldi, he takes his reader with him, and those who like to lounge over a gossiping book of travel will scarcely repent it if they take up "Fair Italy."—If Italy has not been spared by book-makers neither has Shakespeare, and the Hon. Albert S. G. Canning adds to an already vast library with "Thoughts on Shakespeare's Historical Plays" (W. H. Allen and Co.). He has analysed the plays entirely from the historical point of view, pointing out where Shakespeare departs from fact, though this is but seldom. The book is in effect a volume of historical essays, illustrated by extracts from the plays. Mr. Canning has done a service to those who do not care to take the pains to analyse for themselves, and he has contrived to invest with interest each of the papers bound together in this collection. For the historical matter he has consulted the best authorities, from Sir Francis Bacon to the Bishop-elect of Chester, and lovers of Shakespeare will be grateful to him for enabling them to understand, without much effort, how far Shakespeare is to be trusted as an historian. At the same time Mr. Canning takes a somewhat antiquated view of the character of Henry V. when still Prince of Wales. We had imagined that the Prince's reputation was much other than that of a wild rake long before his father died. Yet "Thoughts on Shakespeare's Historical Plays" may be read with profit.

Mr. Bernard Pouncefort has really done a service to those who take an interest in modern Egyptian history by translating from the French of Lieutenant-Colonel Hennebert "The English in Egypt" (W. H. Allen and Co.). The work is short, and in form handy, but gives a clear and succinct narrative of the events which date from the conquest of Nubia by Ismail Pasha, son of Mehemet Ali, down to the recent battles of El Teb and Tamanieb. The

author begins by thus stating his view of these troubles: "England with her immense colonies is incessantly stretching her hands towards new shores." The Mussulmans view this tendency with alarm, and, numbering 100,000,000, they yet communicate with facility among themselves. "There is actually an Arab journalist who edits with no small talent a *Panislamic* newspaper, with an issue of one hundred thousand copies! . . . These newspapers are forwarded in packages to all Mohammedan countries; they reach every place from Samarkand to Mogador; from Constantinople to Timbuctoo. They have correspondents in Morocco, Algeria, Tripoli, and Egypt; and 'reporters' in Arabia, Persia, Bengal, China, and Japan! What does this paper circulate concerning the British, and is it known? The prophet has said the war will last until the Day of Judgment. Between the Mussulmans and the *Anglis* (English) Christians there may be truces; peace, never!" . . . Colonel Hennebert gives us some interesting details about the trade in slaves. He perceives a synchronism in the movements of the Mahdi and of Arabi which he is far from attributing to accident. Of the Mahdi's genius he has a high opinion, and thinks that a great Soudanese Empire must soon become a fact. For perspicacity, and as a brief narrative of events, the book is admirable.

"Charakterbilder aus dem Neunzehnten Jahrhundert." Von Leopold Katscher (Berlin: Ferd. Dümmlers Verlagsbuchhandlung.)—In this volume Herr Katscher has brought together a number of essays on well-known writers; and it is impossible even to glance through the book without perceiving that the author is a man of wide reading, of catholic sympathies, and of a solid and appreciative judgment. Every writer whose merits he discusses he has studied with German thoroughness, and his opinions about them he sets forth in a frank, lucid, and unpretending style. One of the best essays in the collection is on George Eliot, for whom Herr Katscher has a profound admiration. He thinks that she has revealed her personality in her works as no other writer except Shakespeare has done; and that, by her representations of life in the Midlands, she did for the English provinces what Scott did for Scotland. The greatest of her writings seem to Herr Katscher to be "Adam Bede" and "Middlemarch;" but he also lavishes praise on "Silas Marner," which he describes as "a genuine pearl." Of "Adam Bede" he says that any one who reads it will learn how it is that Puritanism has been for many generations so strong a force in the social and political life of England. English readers would naturally suppose that, in expressing this judgment, he was thinking of Dinah Morris; but, oddly enough, it is Adam Bede himself to whom Herr Katscher refers as a representative of the Puritanic spirit. Besides the essay on George Eliot, there are careful papers on Charlotte Brontë, Miss Martineau, and Mr. Buckle; and Herr Katscher presents an elaborate account of the career of Mr. Bradlaugh, whose name appears to be better known on the Continent than most Englishmen realise. The remaining essays are on George Sand, Alfred de Musset, M. Taine, and Hans Christian Andersen.

"Lessings Leben." Von Heinrich Düntzer (Leipzig: Ed. Wartig's Verlag).—In the history of German literature there is no name, except that of Goethe, of more importance than the name of Lessing. When he began his career Germany can hardly be said to have possessed a literature of her own; her foremost writers contented themselves with producing feeble imitations of foreign models. Lessing prepared the way for a greater epoch by inspiring the best minds of his age with something of his own energy. His work in the drama, although not of the highest order, is very near the highest; and as a critic he was not less remarkable for the depth and range of his knowledge than for the originality of his thought and the vigour, lucidity, and grace of his style. It was not only in literature that he exercised a powerful and wholesome influence; he fought with extraordinary courage and resource against religious—or rather, against irreligious—bigotry and intolerance, and no writer of his time did so much to awaken interest in the profoundest problems of theology and Biblical criticism. In Germany a good many books had been written about Lessing before Herr Düntzer undertook to deal with the subject, but there was still room for a thoroughly competent biographer. Herr Düntzer, we regret to say, has not succeeded in producing a very satisfactory book. As in his biographies of Goethe and Schiller, he often shows a strange incapacity to estimate the relative importance of the incidents he records; and we do not think that any one, after reading what he has to say, would have a vivid or adequate appreciation either of the personal character or of the work of Lessing. Herr Düntzer is, however, an industrious and conscientious writer; and the facts of Lessing's life, so far as they are known, he sets forth accurately. His narrative is illustrated by a large number of very good wood-cuts and facsimiles.

From "Ve Leadenhalle Presse" we have "Holy Blue," by Alphonse de Florian (Translated into the English by Himself). Mr. James Millington, who writes an introduction, explains that the author is a French Custom House Officer at Calais, who wrote a novel, and, feeling confident in his knowledge of English, has "translated" it himself. His egotism and mild French profanity become grotesque in an English dress. As a psychological study "Holy Blue" may possess value, but there is too much of it to amuse ordinary people. The following extract is a fair specimen of the style. It is taken from the end of the book, where the hero is married to the daughter of an English deputy. "The End? Yes, my infants; we are there. Jenny and I are married, and happy ever since, like a pair of rascals. By Blue! The dowry was magnificent—twenty thousand tenpences. The rents, yielding two thousand five hundred, were duly purchased for us and our children in perpetuity. . . . My Jenny speaks French as I myself. In revenge, I speak English even better than she. But that assurance is redundant. I give you proof.—This faithful traduction is rendered by myself from the French history, as taken down from my lips by an expert stenographer—by me, sole . . . 'Heep, Heep!' as we English say. Again, twice! twice! Said I well? Holy Blue!" The one hundred and twenty-three pages of rubbish which M. de Florian has written and "translated" open with a sublimely absurd "Dedication to the Grand Britannic Nation." The title is suggested by his English form of "Sacrebleu."

Very much of a burlesque is "Binko's Blues; a Tale for Children of All Growths," by Herman Charles Merivale (Chapman and Hall), illustrated by Edgar Giberne. The story concerns the kingdom of Tadt, which, having been reigned over by Kings Hoppoes and Echoes since the Creation, is at last reduced to see a Queen Floriline the Fragrant on the throne. This lady on the day of her marriage with Baron Osy is carried off with her lover by Binko, the pirate, and his lieutenant Odonto to the *Tonic Bark*, a pirate vessel, manned by Binko's Blues. This vessel traverses the Prolific Sea, until wrecked on the Chloral Reef, from which the crew and passengers are restored to Tadt by the goodwill of the Fairy Tea. Tadtite words are simply English ones spelled backwards, e.g., "nig-and-ados." On the Chloral Reef the characters "drop into" poetry. Floriline says "Where'er we go to, 'tis you my life this moment that I owe to. My foot you shielded with your best golosh; and underneath your guinea macintosh you gave your Floriline complete protection!" "It is the waterproof of my affection," he replied. "Binko's Blues" is full of very fair puns; but it seems probable that it was written originally as a stage extravaganza, and that its appearance as a story was an afterthought. If it were not for Mr. Giberne's excellent illustrations the book would be beyond the comprehension of children of any growth. It is not every one who can safely emulate the author of "Alice in

Wonderland," or Mr. W. S. Gilbert, in writing really clever and agreeable nonsense.

The monsters of advertisement  
From subterranean railways gambolling

suggested "Binko's Blues," says Mr. Merivale, in some introductory verse. We are not sure that he was fortunate in his manner of following the suggestion of these "fairies." Still there is much that is clever in his story.

Those who care for the history of English Art will be pleased with Mr. Frederic G. Stephens's charming essay on "English Children As Painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds" (Remington and Co.), which has now reached a second edition. Mr. Stephens holds that with reference to "the mythologic and tragic subjects of his production" Sir Joshua failed. Where the great painter holds a prominent, perhaps a pre-eminent position among artists is in his portraiture of children; and the author has written his essay especially to give prominence to this fact. Of Reynolds' failure in dealing with tragic and mythologic subjects "Cardinal Beaufort" and "Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse" are given as instances. But when the childless artist deals with the faces of children he shows a giant's strength. Mr. Stephens is very interesting in his clear statement of the harmony between Sir Joshua's landscapes and the living subject of his pictures—the drowsy elms and every detail of Nature in sympathy with a sleeping child, for instance—in a word, Reynolds had the poetic sentiment so essential to true artistic work. At the end of the book is a useful catalogue of engraved pictures of children by Sir Joshua. The frontispiece is a well-executed engraving of "Pick-a-Back" (Mrs. Stephen Payne Galloway and her son Charles). Mr. Stephens' essay is sure to be read and to be appreciated.

Mr. J. R. Scott, of Brussels, has written "The Family Guide to Brussels," a book that contains, we should imagine, nearly everything that intending visitors to Brussels want to know. The motto, too, on the title-page is very reassuring: "Nil desperandum Teucro duce et auspice Teucro." Teucer is an admirable guide. He knows all about cabs, furnished and unfurnished apartments, servants, clubs, education, how to obtain agreeable society, how to be introduced at Court, in a word, "The Family Guide to Brussels" should be useful to a great many people.

Another serviceable work of the same class is "Ward and Lock's Illustrated Guide to North Wales." It is not merely a guide, but a popular history. The compiler has not forgotten to supply the tourist with information as to the associations surrounding the castles of Conway and Carnarvon, and many other architectural remains suggestive of a stirring past. There are eight excellent maps in the book, besides a number of plates and wood engravings. Moreover the hotels are enumerated, and what seems a complete index is the final feature of—in its own department—a capital book of reference. We recommend every tourist to North Wales this summer to take Messrs. Ward and Lock's guide in his pocket.

Messrs. Blackie and Son have issued "Vere Foster's Simple Lessons in Water-Colour. Flowers." Everything necessary for acquiring the art of flower-painting is here; sketches of the outlines of the flowers, and some very beautiful *fac-similes* of water-colour drawings by Ada Hanbury. We imagine that ladies having once seen this excellent manual for flower-painting will find it hard to refrain from becoming the happy possessors of a copy. The same firm have also published the first four numbers of "Poynter's South Kensington Drawing-Book." No. 1 deals with the face of the human figure; No. 2 with masks from antique sculpture; No. 3 with "hands" from sculpture; No. 4 with "feet" from the same source. Mr. Poynter had these copies drawn under his superintendence by pupils of the National Art Training School, South Kensington. This drawing-book will be simply invaluable to beginners in drawing, whether working alone or assisted by masters.

"Marion's Practical Guide to Photography" is a clear and succinct manual of photography for amateurs. While the scientific side of the art is briefly treated, such all-important initiatory rules as those for regulating exposure by the diameter and focus of a lens are most clearly explained, while the chapters on developing, on printing, and on retouching, are admirable. With such a book as this it would be difficult for the merest tyro to go astray.

A small book, "Plain Cookery Recipes," by Mrs. Charles Clarke (W. H. Allen and Co., 13, Waterloo Place, S.W.), contains instructions for the preparation of about two hundred simple dishes, as taught in the National Training School for Cookery, South Kensington. The various ingredients of each dish are stated, and clear directions given for the order in which they are to be added, together with the requisite time of cooking. A very useful little work to those ignorant of the first rules of simple cookery, as many so-called cooks are nowadays.

"Breakfast Dishes," by M. L. Allen (J. S. Virtue and Co.), supplies a long-felt want by housekeepers, as here they have a complete list of matutinal dishes for three months, with careful instructions how to prepare them.—A story of thrilling adventures in South America will be found in "The Gold Seekers," a sequel to the "Crusoes of Guiana," by Louis Bousnard (Messrs. S. Low and Co.) Just the book for a boy.—We have also received three more volumes of Professor Morley's "Universal Library"—Butler's "Analogy of Religion," Sir Walter Scott's "Demonology and Witchcraft," and Dryden's Translation of Virgil's "Æneid" (Routledge)—all with pithy introductions from Mr. Henry Morley.—Finally, we should acknowledge a new edition of Mr. John Oldcastle's excellent "Guide for Literary Beginners" (Ye Leadenhalle Presse), a book which should be read by every journalistic aspirant.

## IN THE FRENCH CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES

"THE public galleries of the French Chamber," writes our artist, "are in several divisions; one portion being allotted to the public, another to the Senators, the Diplomatic Body, the President, and Vice-Presidents, &c. Bescherelle, the head of the Chamber's attendants (*chef du service*), is very much courted, as also is the Secretary of the Questure, for admission cards.

"At the refreshment bar, or *buzette*, where smoking is allowed, many Deputies spend a good many of their 'leisure' hours. Refreshment are supplied 'gratis,' the expenses being covered by a contribution of five francs per month, which is deducted from each Deputy's salary.

"The Premier's popular whiskers are M. Jules Ferry's celebrated black facial appendages.

"The ballot boxes are very simple, being made of tin, round in shape, and coloured green, with yellow margin. Voting is carried out in several ways, either *par assis et levé* (rising and sitting), with counter-proof (*contre-épreuve*), by nominal *scrutin*, by bulletins, or by small balls which are presented to each Deputy in a basket, then thrown by him into the ballot box. This last system ordinarily takes place as depicted (voting *à la Tribune*), but sometimes the deputies remain sitting, and the *huissiers* come and collect their *boules*.

"Stormy sittings are too frequent in the French Chambers to need any further explanation. Many Deputies look positively wild when vociferating and leaving their seats to rush to the foot of the Tribune, and even into the Tribune, where they seem to threaten the *orateur*. The noise is then so terrible that the President cannot overcome it, though desperately ringing his celebrated bell. When he cannot possibly master the 'obstruction,' he puts on his hat, which means that the sitting is 'suspended.'

"The sketch on the left benches shows different well-known Deputies, among them old Madier de Montjau, an exceedingly lively





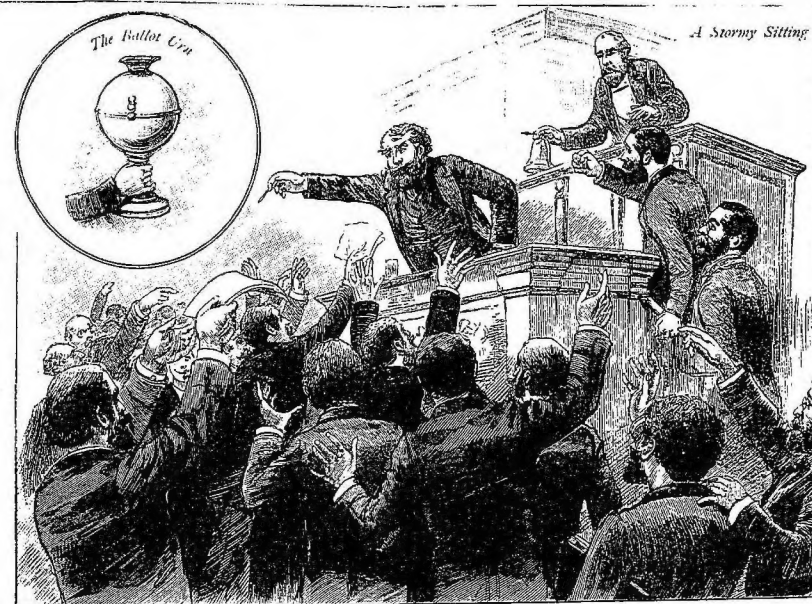
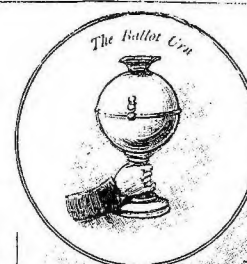
*In the Public Galleries*



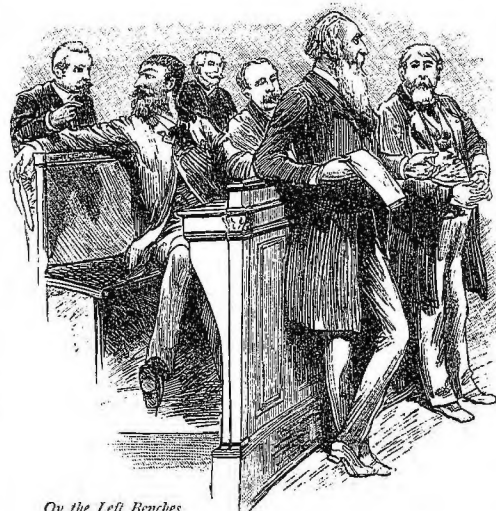
*At the Refreshment Bar*



*The Premier's Popular Whiskers*



*A Stormy Sitting*



*On the Left Benches*



*The President (M. Brisson)*



*A Colorful Radical Hat  
(Mr. Tony Revillon)*



*An Orator of the Right  
(M. Cuneo d'Ornano)*

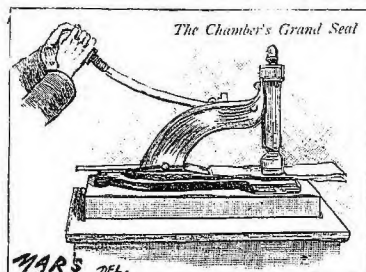
*Begging for Admission Tickets*



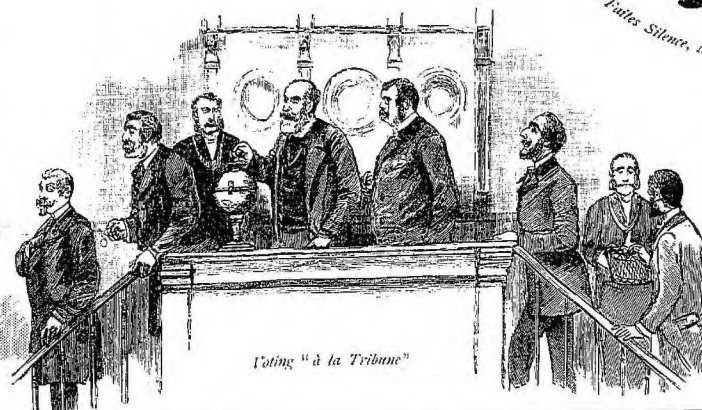
*"Toutes Silences, Messieurs, S'il Vous Plait"*



*The "Salle des Conférences"*



*The Chamber's Grand Seal*



*Voting "à la Tribune"*



*Eyeing the Ladies*



*"The Father of the House"  
(Père Guichard)*



face, Chesneau, Clémenceau, Noël Parfait, Tony Révillon, &c. In fact, I chiefly want to show the average appearance of those benches. *Faites silence, Messieurs, s'il vous plaît!* That cry, always the same, is constantly uttered throughout the sittings by the same *hasstier*, called Suard. He has attended to that particular business since the year 1845, and is a well-known personage. His duty may be not very conspicuous, still he perhaps has spoken more during that long period than any of the most verbose *orateurs*, and his modest talent always shows a sound purpose, for he is the only man who gets the speakers to understand each other.

"The Salle des Conférences is a very comfortable parlour, where Deputies find writing, reading, and postal accommodation, also capital easy chairs wherein to dream of the State's welfare.

"The Chamber's grand seal is a very powerful apparatus, by means of which a servant in the Cabinet and under the eyes of the Secretary of the Chamber, M. Pierre, lays the (dry) grand seal of the Chamber on all originals of voted new laws, written on thick Bristol paper, which of late has replaced the parchment of our forefathers.

"A celebrated Radical hat belongs to M. Tony Révillon, the Radical Deputy who was elected against Gambetta at Belleville more than two years ago.

"The smart *orateur* of the Right, M. Cunéo d'Ornano, a very good and nice fellow, by the bye, who is well liked by his adversaries, shows a very usual and thoroughly French gesticulation.

"Many a Deputy, instead of listening to the speeches or walking through the lobbies and Salle des pas Perdus, uses opera glasses to look at the ladies in the Tribune. Gambetta always did it, even when President of the House. The Father of the House is Le Pére Guichard, aged some eighty-five years; he always takes the Presidency at the first meeting of the year."



"HENRY NIGHTINGALE; OR, LORD OF HIMSELF," by John Walter Sherer (3 vols.: Chapman and Hall), is easily dismissed so far as its faults are concerned. It is too long: it has far too many characters, of whom several are entirely unnecessary: and it is much too full of literary allusion, and of extraneous matters introduced for no better reason than that the author has something to say about them. As to the last matter, Mr. Sherer has so much to say worth saying upon so many things, that there is no reason, according to his principle of construction, why "Henry Nightingale," over-long as it is, should not have been ten times as long. After all "it is what he omits that shows the master" in construction, no less than in style. These are all serious blemishes, no doubt: but, when thus much has been said by way of fault finding, only praise remains. To begin with, Mr. Sherer has discovered a story really worth the telling. The subject of an unexpected claim to a peerage and a great estate is of course not novel, but it gains entirely original interest from the contrast of such a man as Lord Morcott, in every respect the very mirror of an English gentleman, with the claimants—a family of Indian half castes, whose characteristic peculiarities are, so far as we are aware, altogether a new study in fiction—new, certainly, on so minute and elaborate a scale. The story of these Eurasians after their arrival in England to prosecute their claim is replete with comedy, which ends in tragedy—they succeed indeed, but not in the way they intend, and Priscilla Rossini, who is Mr. Sherer's principal heroine, almost despite his own apparent intentions, is a genuine dramatic masterpiece of an entirely original character. To give any notion of an exceedingly intricate plot is out of the question; and considerable space would be required for anything like an adequate analysis either of Priscilla or of that most unfortunate of victims to himself, Mr. Albert Perkins, whose history belongs to anything save to that region of farce of which his name savours. All these matters readers may be most cordially recommended to discover for themselves. Not a few also of the subordinate characters are admirably sketched—such as the enthusiast in organ blowing, and the society of Morcott generally. The style is that of one who has read much and has thought for himself; and if the literary flavour be over-pronounced, that is a fault which we can but wish were a great deal more common.

"Bethesda," by Barbara Elton (3 vols.: Macmillan and Co.), essentially belongs to what is now sufficiently understood to need little explanation of the term, as the New American school. It dispenses with incident to a Puritanical extreme. The study of a single character is carried out exhaustively by means of placing it under the light of a single situation; and the reader, instead of being provided with relaxation, according to the ancient view of the aims of fiction, is invited to an intellectual exercise of a seemingly severe kind. Really severe it can hardly be called, for the perusal of one or two works of the kind soon shows that there is a good deal of affection about their apparent profundity. An air of psychological depth and insight is, of all literary tricks, the very easiest to acquire—which no doubt accounts for its greater favour among modern novelists than among their readers. A good deal of unhealthiness is inseparable from the school to which "Bethesda" belongs. The situation under which she is studied is the mutual grand passion existing between herself and a magnificent Algerian-Frenchman who has the misfortune of having a wife living. The passion, though anything but platonic, is still perfectly pure, and the parties to it are held up to sympathy for their nobility in resisting temptation. There is no *dénouement*, of course—such old-fashioned deference to tradition is altogether abhorrent to the school. The creation of the situation is everything; what becomes of it is regarded entirely as the reader's affair. This, however, is the less important in the case of Bethesda, since the characters are as much without living and personal interest as subjects in a dissecting-room. At the same time, "Bethesda" is satisfactorily free from the worst faults and tendencies to fault of the school to which it belongs. Morbid as it is, it in no way blurs the outline between right and wrong, or leaves the boundary altogether to individual opinion. The character of Bethesda herself, though not sympathetic, is examined with a view to truth, and rendered perfectly intelligible to anybody who cares to take a purely scientific interest in her emotions towards René. For the rest the novel is certainly superior to the leading works of its school in brightness of style.

"The Breadwinners: a Novel" (1 vol.: F. Warne and Co.), though also an American production, does not disdain the traditional arts of the romance writer. In one of its many aspects it is a downright story of love and murder, running to an almost sensational extreme, and dealing with villainy such as belongs rather to melodrama than to fiction. But the novel has several other sides than this. It has a social and semi-political purpose, exposing, in the most naively direct manner, the weak sides of national institutions which enable a leading citizen to get up a public riot to serve his own private ends, and the general jockeying and systems of rings and caucuses which deserve to be studied in the form of fiction before trying to experimentalise with them in reality. Another curious, if anything but attractive, portion of the novel is devoted to a spiritualistic professor and a description of one of his *séances*. There is no psychological element in "The Breadwinners" whatever, but something very much better—the results of keen observation, and the power of reproducing them so well on the

outside that the reader may readily perceive for himself what lies below the surface. The author chafes his fellow-countrymen and fellow-countrywomen considerably, but good-humouredly, for national characteristics which have been sometimes due to the malicious invention of the foreigner. Thus the necessity of a tour in Europe for rubbing off provincialities, and the relegation of fathers and mothers to out-of-the-way holes and corners while the young people are entertaining their friends, and such like matters, are brought forward in a manner which we do not recommend to English authors for imitation. The story itself is ill-constructed and not particularly interesting; but, in other respects, it will have been sufficiently seen that the novel is quite worth reading, and is full of entertaining episodes.

## THE ROYAL ACADEMY

### III.

"THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT" is the theme of the largest of Mr. Frederick Goodall's pictures, and one of the largest in the entire collection. The Holy Family are here seen by the light of early morning nearly at the end of their journey, the pyramids forming an important feature in the composition. The picture, if not strikingly original in conception, bears evidence throughout of thought and study, and, like all the painter's works of the kind, it is true in local colour. In a picture of modern Oriental life, "A New Light in the Harem," he has been more entirely successful. A diaphanously draped lady reclines on a couch, and regards with somewhat languid pleasure a naked child who with exuberant glee rolls on the floor, while a vivacious Nubian girl holds up a live pigeon for his amusement. These figures are full of vitality, natural in their movements, and painted with great firmness and solidity. The effect of light is extremely well rendered, and the picture leaves little to be desired as regards composition, colour, or keeping. Neither Mr. E. Long's "Judith," who stands firmly grasping a sword, nor his "Thisbe," who is listening at the chink in her wall, is particularly Oriental in character. The head in each case, however, is expressive and finely modelled, and the draperies are artistically disposed. In a large allegorical picture, Mr. P. H. Calderon has represented "Night" as a fully-draped female figure seated on a marble throne, with a background of purple sky and dimly discerned mountains. The attitude of the finely-proportioned figure is well chosen, and the picture is treated in an appropriately large and simple style. Mr. E. J. Poynter's skill in design and fine feeling for antique grace are shown in a small picture, "Diadumené." Nothing could well be more perfect in form, or more spontaneously graceful than the maiden who, standing on the margin of the marble bath, is tying a golden fillet round her head.

The Academy has devoted a portion of the funds derived from the Chantry bequest to the purchase of a picture of considerable size, called "The Vigil," by Mr. John Pettie. Kneeling before an altar in a large church is a young crusader holding an enormous sword between his clasped hands. Extreme earnestness is expressed on his pallid face, and the picture, as a whole, has a certain amount of impressiveness. It might, however, easily be improved by more completeness of realisation in the foreground, where the warrior's helmet and chain-armor lie on the altar steps. In a smaller picture, hanging in the same room, richer in colour than this, and more harmonious, Mr. Pettie has depicted with expressive skill a Cardinal in animated dispute with another ecclesiastical dignitary as dogmatic as himself. Close by the larger of these works is Mr. Frith's "Cruel Necessity," in which Oliver Cromwell is seen contemplating the dead body of Charles I. The comparison that it suggests with Paul Delaroche's celebrated picture of the same subject is greatly to its disadvantage. Mr. Frith is seen to greater advantage in a picture showing Dr. Johnson in his last days kissing the hand of the then youthful Mrs. Siddons.

An anecdote of earlier date is cleverly illustrated by Mr. W. F. Yeames in his picture "The Toast of the Kitcat Club." The members of the club, who are hurriedly rising to greet a very little girl, whom her father, the Duke of Kingston, is introducing, to justify his nomination of her as "the toast for the year," are animated in expression and gesture. Among them are some of the most eminent men of the time, including Congreve, Steele, Addison, and the Dukes of Marlborough and Wharton, and as their heads are all derived from authentic portraits, the picture has historical interest in addition to its other merits. A quaint little picture by Mr. H. S. Marks, "The Angler's Rest," shows two disciples of Izaak Walton, of his own time, taking their ease outside an inn bearing the sign of "The Three Fishes." Placid contentment is well expressed in the faces of the men and their attitudes. Another humorous picture by this artist is "And They Do Bear Themselves Like Foolish Justices," the title referring to two large red-legged adjutant storks, who with their yellow heads together stand in a purposeless way on the margin of a pond. The birds are delineated in a way that implies complete knowledge of their structure and habitual movements, and the suggestion of human expression in their heads is given with subtle skill. A very characteristic picture of life in the low-lying provinces of Holland by Mr. G. H. Boughton shows the inhabitants of a sea-side village hurriedly leaving their homes to repair a breach made by the high tide in the dykes. The picture conveys a strong impression of reality, and, unlike some of the artist's recent productions, is fresh and pure in tone. Not at all inferior to it is his "Field Handmaiden, Brabant." The peasant girl who is here seen carrying an enormous basket full of cabbages is a genuine type of well-developed Flemish beauty, robust of form, very energetic, and at the same time graceful in movement. Mr. T. Faed sends a rather uninteresting picture of a girl with dogs and ducks about her, called "The Keeper's Daughter;" and another representing an old Highlander and his weeping granddaughter "Seeing Them Off." Less conventionally treated than either of these is Mr. Faed's third picture, "Of What is the Wee Lassie Thinking?"—a very picturesque Scotch interior, with a poorly-clad girl sitting by the fire in a profound reverie. The picture has good qualities of colour, and is painted with solidity and strength. Sir John Gilbert in his only work, "The Morning of the Battle of Agincourt," has very graphically realised the French Lord Grandpré's description of the English host in Shakespeare's "Henry V." Nothing could be more dismal than the aspect of the horsemen, who are seen by the light of early morning with crows flying over them, impatient for their hour. The picture is rich, but very subdued in colour, broadly painted, and impressive in effect.

None among the pictures of contemporary life will attract so much attention as Mr. Orchardson's "Marriage de Convenience," and none so well deserves it. In all technical qualities it seems to us greatly superior to the artist's previous work, but it is remarkable chiefly for the subtle skill with which the characters of the two principal actors in the scene are rendered, and the history of their lives suggested. Nothing could be more expressive of *ennui*, discontent, and suppressed anger than the face and figure of the sumptuously dressed and beautiful woman, who sits at the head of a long dining table. Equally good as a delineation of individual character is the husband—a well-bred man, who has attempted by art to disguise his age. With an air of extreme depression he sits thoughtfully, unconscious apparently that the butler is serving him with wine. All the subordinate facts are appropriate, and add to the expressiveness of the whole. The warm light from the pendant lamp that suffuses the scene is admirably rendered, and the general keeping of the picture is so good, that though the figures occupy

only a small space on the large canvas no sense of emptiness remains.

The sea-coast pictures by Mr. Hook differ little in subject or treatment from a very large number by him that have appeared here; but they are charming for their rare beauty of colour and the sense of fresh sea-air that they convey. In "The Mirror of the Sea-Mew," which, unlike most of his pictures, is not animated by any human figure, the delicate gradations of colour in wide expanse of rippling sea are beautiful and strikingly true. The impression of space and movement is most skillfully rendered. The companion picture, "Catching Sand-Launce," is not less beautiful in colour, or less suggestive of atmosphere. The girls, who, with blunt sickles, are collecting small glittering fishes from the wet sand, are characteristic and in perfect keeping with the other elements of the scene. Mr. Colin Hunter, who has very lately been elected an Associate of the Academy, fully vindicates his claim to the distinction. The largest of several pictures by him in the collection, "The Herring Market at Sea," is infinitely the best work that he has hitherto produced. The time chosen is early morning; the moving clouds receive a warm glow of light from the sun, which is still below the horizon; while the sea, with the group of fishing-smacks and the small steamship, are illumined only by reflected light. The effect of light and colour is admirably rendered, and the picture is painted throughout with mastery, but well-restrained power.

## RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

"A TALE OF TWO FAIR WOMEN; or the Religion of Humanity" (Hatchards), is the conclusion, in four cantos, of a pseudo-dramatic poem, the first three sections of which appeared some time since. The main interest, such as it is, centres in Miss Wylmer, a young lady who stoops to conquer, and, in the guise of a hospital nurse, wins her recalcitrant lover, Harold. The scene is laid in the Backwoods, and the blank verse is tolerable, though rather prosaic; but the general effect is dreary to a degree, and the chief impression left on the mind is that if people in real life talked like the *dramatis personæ* they would be insufferable bores.

"Day after Day," compiled by "A. T. C." (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge) is one of those religious diaries, so popular with many, the number of which has increased of late years. Texts of Scripture, and verses from more or less well-known authors, are provided for each day in the year, and, as a whole, the little volume is above the average of such productions.

"Six Pieces for Recitation," by Harding Cox (Griffith and Farran), is a well-meant attempt to supply a supposed want, though, for our own part, we think that plenty of the requisite material might be found in the works of acknowledged writers. The pieces have no special merit, if we except "The Hunted Man,"—about as ghastly an episode as could well be conceived, which might be effective if suitably rendered.

A decidedly clever comedy, which seems meant for stage representation, is "Sophia, or the Viceroy of Valencia," by Alfred Brasher (Kegan Paul). The story, taken from Scarron, is a good one, and reminds us somewhat of a piece entitled *Is it the King?* produced some years ago at the Strand Theatre. The dialogue is bright and unflagging, whilst the characters are distinctly drawn, and the situations highly dramatic.

It might have been wiser to have left the reader to form his or her own judgment of "Lays of the Land of the Maori and Moa," by Thomas Bracken (Sampson Low); adulatory prefaces from partial friends tend to irritate the mind, and prejudice it against what is to follow. The dispassionate verdict must be that the contents of the book are fairly good as minor verse, although when the author attempts the octosyllabic measure he is apt to become monotonous. In "McGillivray's Dream" and "Old Bendigo" we find not unsuccessful efforts in the peculiar line generally associated with the name of Mr. Bret Harte. "Pax Vobiscum" is musical and pathetic, and "Leah" still more so, but by far the most telling, because the simplest, poem is "Mother's Grave," in which might be traced the influence of Wordsworth.



MESSRS. WILLCOCKS AND CO.—A ballad which will interest the home circle exclusively is "Mammie," written and composed by Arthur T. M'Evoy.—"Nancy," an Idyll of the Kitchen, is a plain and homely tale of area courtship, which will please a wide circle of hearers; it is written by John A. Fraser, jun., and Henry W. Pohlmann.—Two pianoforte pieces of sterling merit, by Edward Misdale, are "Minuetto," and Gavotte in C Minor.—"Germania," a Concertstück, by A. T. M'Evoy, at first sight looks very difficult, but can soon be mastered by a due amount of study.—"Kassassin," Galop Brillante, by the same composer, is equally brilliant, but not quite so difficult.

MESSRS. J. B. CRAMER AND CO.—From hence come seven songs, music by James J. Moule, who proves himself to be a first-rate ballad writer. For two songs Samuel Jones has written the poetical words, namely, "Home Recollections" and "There is a Maiden," the former of the retrospective school, the latter a decided love-ditty for a baritone.—"Snowflakes," words by J. L. Hall, is a dainty little canzonet.—Of the same pleasing type is "Primrose Lane," words by Mary L. Campbell.—Contented in mind is he who sings "What Care I for the Weather?" the merry poetry by M. A. Baines.—To the most original of this group of songs, "The Evening Rest," written by Edith Ramage, an harmonium accompaniment *ad lib.* adds interest and effect.—A *piquante* song for a musical reading *encore* is "Love is a Wicked Boy," words by Claxson Bellamy.

MESSRS. BOOSEY AND CO.—Two pretty songs, music by Frank L. Moir, are "Good-Bye, Sweet Rose," words by William Boosey; and "Making Hay," for which the composer has supplied the words. Both songs are published in two keys.—A brace of songs by the most versatile of song-writers, J. L. Molloy, are quite worthy of his pen: "Honey-moon," the satirical, but, we fear, most truthful, words by F. E. Weatherly; and "Bébé," a tragic tale of blighted love, by William Boosey.—"The Phantom Ship," a descriptive narrative song, written and composed by F. E. Weatherly and Louis Diehl, is well worthy the attention of a high bass or baritone; it deserves a good place in a concert programme.—Of the cheerful and light school is "A Summer Idyll," the lively words by Paul Blake, the music by Alice Upton.—A tale of disappointment is conveyed in "Broken Love-Links," written and composed by Mark Wilton and Edith Cooke.—"Camp Life," a march, by Sir Julius Benedict, is a bright and spirited composition, published as a solo and as a duet.—Caroline Lowthian has arranged Louis Diehl's popular song, "A Maid of Kent," as a waltz. It would be better if this clever composer were to write original instead of adapted waltzes.

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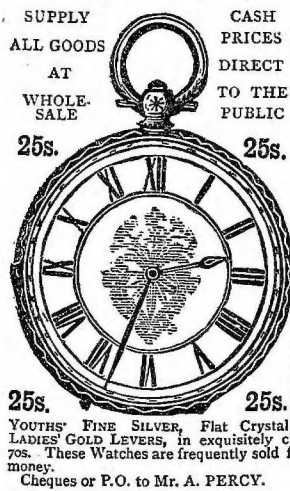
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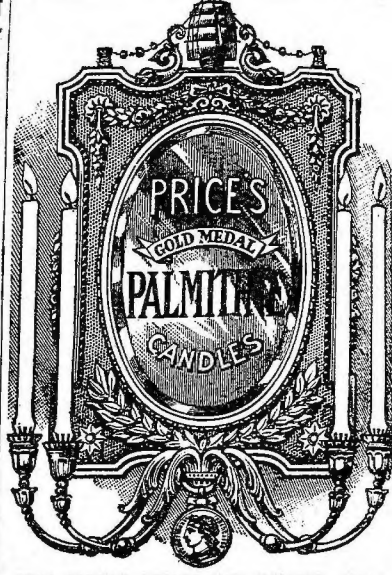
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